

EGYPTIAN PRINCE SHOT DEAD IN LONDON HOTEL

The Daily Mirror 20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

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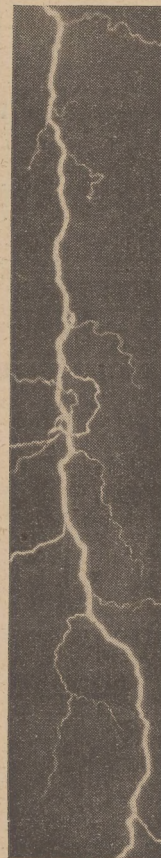
WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1923

One Penny.

THE FURY OF THE GREAT STORM PRINCE SHOT



Amid the ruins of their home—a sight reminiscent of war scenes in France.



Flashes like this played at the rate of fifty a minute.



Ali Kamel Fahmy Bey, an Egyptian prince, found shot in the Savoy Hotel yesterday.



A battered gramophone trumpet found among the wreckage.



A family with the remnant of their furniture.

The fury of the fierce thunderstorms which raged over Britain has wrought great havoc throughout the country. Nowhere, surely, was its violence more destructive than at the little village of Farcot, near Peterborough, where the damage shown above was inflicted. Other storm pictures on pages 10 and 11.



Marie Marguerite Fahmy, the French wife of the prince. They are stated to have been married only a few months. The prince died in hospital shortly after admission, and his wife was remanded at Bow-street on a charge of murder.

A PRINCE SHOT DEAD IN LONDON.

2.35 a.m. Tragedy at the Savoy Hotel.

WIFE CHARGED.

Beautiful Frenchwoman Who Wedded Egyptian.

A mysterious tragedy took place at the Savoy Hotel at half-past two yesterday morning, an Egyptian Prince Ali Kamel Fahmy Bey, being found shot in the corridor of the fourth floor, almost outside the suite of rooms which he occupied there with his French wife, Marie Marguerite Fahmy. The injured man was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where he died shortly after admission.

His wife, a beautiful woman, thirty-two years of age, was subsequently taken to Bow-street and gave the police her version of what happened. She was later charged with murder and remanded for eight days.

The Prince, it is stated, had only been married a few months, and he and his wife came to London from Paris two or three weeks ago.

LUXURIOUS LIFE.

Prince and Beautiful Wife Well Known in West End.

After dining at the hotel on Monday evening the Prince and his wife went out. The tragedy occurred about 2.35 a.m.

It was discovered by one of the hotel porters, who heard a shot and then found the Prince lying wounded in his pyjamas. Near by was a Browning revolver.

The Prince, who is believed to be a big landowner in Egypt and a member of one of the oldest Egyptian families, had recently come over from Paris with his wife, and was living luxuriously.

They intended remaining there to the end of the London season. Their entourage included a secretary, a maid and a valet.

The Prince had become well known in West End social circles. When the tragedy was discovered the Prince was unconscious, and a doctor was hurriedly called. He ordered the removal of the Prince to Charing Cross Hospital, where he died.

PRINCESS IN THE DOCK.

Police Evidence of Finding Bullet Holes—Prisoner in Tears.

The drama developed speedily, and yesterday afternoon the princess stood in the dock at Bow-street before Mr. Graham Campbell. Her name was given as Maria Marguerite Fahmy, aged thirty-two, and she was remanded for eight days on a charge of the wilful murder of her husband, Prince Ali Kamel Fahmy.

She was represented by Mr. Freke Palmer. The evidence was interpreted to her in French. While listening she broke down completely and repeatedly wiped the tears away from her eyes with a tiny green handkerchief. When the Princess was led into the dock the court was crowded almost to suffocation. She is a little woman, and her face is very pale and there were dark marks under her large and impressive eyes.

DETECTIVE'S STORY.

She wore a long, dark coat of black material trimmed with brown fur at the neck, sleeves and round the bottom. Her small black hat was trimmed with tawny ribbon. Round her neck was a rope of tiny pearls, and she also wore long dropped earrings. Diamond rings flashed on fingers of both her hands.

The only witness was Sub-Divisional Detective Inspector Grosse.

"In a corridor at the Savoy Hotel," he said, "I found a hole in the wall at about right-angles from the door, just about the size of a bullet. This was about three feet from the floor, and in my opinion was caused by the ricochet of a bullet."

"A few yards further on I found a glass door where the heading had been partly shot away recently."

"In the flat I found in the bedroom occupied by Madame Fahmy a white evening gown covered with white beads. On the bottom of the dress I found several bloodstains."

Answering Mr. Freke Palmer, Detective-Inspector Grosse said he had been told by a doctor who had attended her that the princess was going to a nursing home for an operation.

TREVESSA INQUIRY.

Sir P. Lloyd-Greame stated in the Commons yesterday that a court of inquiry into the loss of the Trevessa would be held in this country. He would await the report of the court before deciding what awards should be made.

SCHOOLMASTER ACQUITTED.

After three trials, in each of which the jury disagreed, Frank Daws, twenty-six, formerly science master at Leeds Grammar School, was found not guilty at Chelmsford yesterday of alleged offences against two little girls.

QUEEN AND BABY.

Crying Child Pacified During Villa Visit.

"I WILL GO TO IT."

An unrehearsed incident, in which the Queen went out of her way to pacify a crying baby, occurred during their Majesty's first public engagement in Edinburgh yesterday.

The King and Queen were visiting Earl Haig's settlement for disabled men, and Earl Haig's villa occupied by a Mrs. Harvey. While Mrs. Harvey was showing them the cooking arrangements in the kitchen the baby was heard to cry upstairs.

"I will go and pacify it," Mrs. Harvey said, the Queen, and went upstairs with Mrs. Harvey. Rain fell heavily during the visit, but later the weather cleared, and many Scottish dignitaries and their wives were presented to the King and Queen. Afterwards the royal party visited Edinburgh Castle, and returned to Holyrood, where a reception was held.

MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

Body of Schoolmaster Who Lost Way Home Found in Quarry.

Search parties yesterday found the body of Mr. Daniel Hughes Thomas, the missing Aberlilly schoolmaster, at the bottom of a quarry at Crickhowell (Brecknockshire).

With two other masters, Mr. Thomas went for a ramble on Saturday over the mountains. His companions decided to stay the night in the district, but Mr. Thomas left them to catch the last train home.

It is assumed that he missed this train and, endeavouring to walk alone over the mountains, missed his way and stumbled into the quarry.

FOOTLIGHT SPIRITS.

Novel Theme of Mr. Masfield's New Play at St. Martin's.

By Our Dramatic Critic.

Anything that Mr. John Masfield has to say is listened to with respect, and that attitude marked the reception of the Playbox production of his fantasy "Melloney Holtspur" at St. Martin's Theatre yesterday afternoon.

There were unquestionably some wonderful moments in the play, moments when one felt that the author was presenting the tragedy of faithfulness love in its most vivid aspects. Yet there were times when one would have smiled had he known that he was entering the spirit world.

Mr. Masfield's theme is the influence of the dead upon the living. His story concerns a rascally artist who wins the love of a daughter of the proud and ancient family of Holtspur. Both die and haunt the scene of their love-making.

Miss Laura Cowie, as Melloney Holtspur, was charming and womanly in life and vindictive and womanly when she had "passed over." Mr. E. Percy, as the artist, was vigorous and real, but he did not seem to have entered the spirit world. Another outstanding success was Miss Mary Jerrold as the aged family servant.

SINGING WITNESS.

Judge Hears Musical "Evidence" from a Composer.

Singing parts of his "evidence" in a deep baritone voice, Mr. Albert William Katelbey, the composer, appeared before Mr. Justice Astbury in the Chancery Division yesterday on behalf of the Columbia Graphophone Company, who are sued by Mr. Frederic Austin.

Mr. Austin alleges infringement of his musical copyright in "Polly" in the making of certain records. Mr. Katelbey, who prepared the defendants' version, gave evidence as to the preparation of the score, and from the witness-box gave a musical interpretation of a passage in one of defendants' works, and said he had more or less followed Gay.

He had not departed from the melody, whereas Mr. Austin had altered the voice part of the melody.

BRILLIANT BOY'S FATE.

Drowned with Companion—"If I Must Die, I Must."

Two schoolboys, Paul Chamberlain and Reginald Page, were drowned in the Trent at Nottingham yesterday. Their bodies have not yet been recovered.

Chamberlain, a brilliant scholar, a few days ago was asked by his teacher to define the meaning of the word fatalistic. He replied: "If God says I must die, I must."

Three other boys were to have joined Page and Chamberlain, but did not turn up.

A TREMENDOUS THIRST.

Sentenced to three months in the second division at Liverpool yesterday for stealing of beer from the vessel's stores, Edward Sharp, second steward on the steamer Meriones, confessed that he drank the whole of the liquor. This worked out at half a bottle of whisky and nine bottles of beer daily.

"JAZZ" CARNATION.

Glory of 3-Coloured Bloom at Horticultural Show.

BLIND GARDENERS.

Carnations in bewildering variety were the feature at the Royal Horticultural Society's show at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, yesterday.

The colouring of these blooms has been reduced to a fine art, and delicate pink, white, yellow, crimson and mauve vied in attracting the eye.

The "jazz" carnation was perhaps the most admired. The heart of this beautiful creation is an exquisite pink, which merges into pale yellow streaked with cerise.

Another bloom, the *Elipse*, was yellow with a narrow heading of red round the petals, and the *Fair Ellen* was white and purple.

Turquoise, purple and light and dark blue delphiniums towered over the other exhibits, and were well set off by lovely white Canterbury bells.

The peculiar-looking caladiums attracted much attention. In shape they are like large ivy leaves. One, a dark green speckled with crimson, was called the *Sir Ernest Shackleton*.

Apart from the flowers, there were some delicious cherries and strawberries on show, the latter being of extraordinary size.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibits were the models of gardens and allotments made by the blind of Blind Gardeners, among them being the work of the blind children of Wood-street, Walthamstow.

THE PRINCE'S PARTY.

St. James' Palace Like Fairyland—Princess Mary as Hostess.

Lighted by candles in pink shades and with tables decorated with pink roses, light blue iris and mauve sweet peas and "catstails," the banquet hall at St. James' Palace presented a fairy-like scene last night, when the Prince of Wales gave a large dinner-party with Princess Mary as hostess.

Covers were laid at one long table for fifty-eight guests, nearly all of whom had recently entertained the Prince.

The Prince sat midway at one side of the table between the Duchess of Beaufort and the Duchess of Portland. Opposite him was Princess Mary between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prime Minister.

The Prince in Cup Final.—The Prince of Wales played for the Welsh Guards, who defeated the Coldstream Guards for the Madrid Polo Cup at Richmond yesterday, and received the cup from the Duchess of Panaranda.

EMPIRE THEATRE UNSOLD

Withdrawn When the Bidding Failed to Go Beyond £215,000.

The Empire Theatre, Leicester-square, together with the Queen's Hotel and the land adjoining at the corner of Lisle-street, were put up for auction yesterday by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at their mart in Hanover-square.

The property was offered as a whole, but was withdrawn at £235,000. The Empire Theatre was then put up as a separate lot, the highest bid being £215,000, and at this figure it was withdrawn.

The Queen's Hotel was withdrawn at a bid of £30,000, while there was no offer for the remainder of the property.

"BETTING A SIN."

Strong Opposition by Free Churches to Tax—"Making Criminals."

Strong opposition to the proposal to give State recognition to betting by imposing a tax was brought to bear upon the Select Committee on a Betting Duty yesterday, when evidence was given by representatives of the Free Churches.

The Rev. E. Benson Perkins stated that the Synods, which were totally opposed to betting, expressed the official and carefully considered judgment of the Wesleyan Church as a whole.

Dr. Gillie, president of the Sunday School Union, declared that everybody who bets is committing a moral wrong in the same sense as every person who lies is committing a moral wrong. He contended, too, that betting made criminals of young people.

SMALLPOX DEATH.

An infant has died at Gloucester from confluent smallpox. Eleven new cases were reported in the twenty-four hours up to 9 a.m. yesterday.

The medical officer stated at a meeting of the Board (North) Rural Council yesterday that there was smallpox all round. Five cases had occurred at Seeston and Brinsley, colliery villages, and he was afraid the epidemic was spreading.

TRAGIC END OF EARL'S NEPHEW.

Duchess of York's Cousin Dead in Motor-Car.

GUN BETWEEN FEET.

Found in Lonely Country Lane—Brother's Chase.

A cousin of the Duchess of York, Mr. Angus Patrick Bowes-Lyon, was found dead at the steering wheel of his car in the early hours of yesterday morning with shot wounds in his head. A sporting rifle lay at his feet.

The car was standing, with the headlights burning, in a lonely country lane near Woking, and Mr. Bowes-Lyon, who was twenty-four years of age, was in evening dress. The dead man was the son of the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon, and a nephew of the Earl of Strathmore.

He had left his father's house in Cadogan-square, Sloane-street, S.W., at eight o'clock at night after saying he was not well and had cancelled a dinner appointment with a friend.

BROTHER'S VAIN SEARCH

Back of Motor-Car Found Riddled with Shot.

After taking out his car from the garage he had driven off, still wearing evening dress and silk hat.

Later his brother tried to follow him in another car, as it was known that he had a weapon with him, but failed to find him, and had to return.

Mr. A. P. Bowes-Lyon had been depressed for some time, but was at his office as usual on Monday. He was a member of the firm of Lyon and Co., Austin Friars, and of the Stock Exchange.

The discovery was made about half-past five by Mr. Henry Best, of High-street, Ripley, who was going to his work. He noticed a large, four-seater car, with the headlights still burning, standing in the lane, which is just off the main London road, beyond the Hut Hotel, Wisley.

LYING OVER SEAT.

On going nearer he was horrified to see a man in evening dress seated at the wheel, but lying backwards over the seat, with a terrible wound in his head.

On arrival the police found that Mr. Bowes-Lyon had been dead some hours. The gun was between his feet.

The back seats of the car were bloodstained, while the canvas hood was riddled with shot.

On the floor of the car was a dressing-case. The police had the car and body taken to Woking. His driver's licence, giving a London address, 12, Cadogan-square, gave the clue to his identity. Later a member of the family visited Woking to identify the body.

An inquest will be held at Woking to-day.

DELIGHTFUL THANET.

Twenty Miles of Seashore—Bathe and Lunch Vogue.

Delightful Thanet is ever becoming more and more popular as a holiday resort. The twenty miles of glorious sands round the coast afford a wonderfully fine playground.

During the past few days the seashore has been reminiscent of some of the larger Continental resorts, so numerous have been the picnic parties and bathers.

This year at the new Westbrook bathing station at Margate one can bathe and lunch to the music of an excellent orchestra which the municipal authorities have engaged this year.

Behind the seashore lies a wonderful stretch of beautiful country with its orchards and woodlands awaiting only the advent of the pleasure-seeker.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Sunday Games.—By nine votes to three Ventnor District Council rejected a proposal for Sunday tennis and bowls.

The American battleships, Arkansas, North Dakota, Delaware and Florida arrived at Greenock yesterday on a ten days' visit to the Clyde.

City Drama.—Miss O'Reilly, the bank clerk, who was stabbed in the City and is now in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is recovering from her wounds.

Poker Attack on Woman.—Blyth police are searching for a man who, early yesterday, made an attack with a poker on Mrs. McGowan, a miner's wife.

Caught 1,200 Mice.—The offer of Thrapston (Northamptonshire) Rural Council to pay £4 each for mouse tails resulted in a local boy catching 1,200 mice.

£20,700 for Olympic Games.—The total towards the £240,000 appeal for the Olympic Games yesterday reached £28,765, cheques for 100 guineas each being received from the Coliseum Syndicate and the Stoll Picture Theatre.

TRAIL OF HAVOC IN WAKE OF GREATEST STORM

Thunder and Lightning of Unexampled Violence Throughout Night and Day.

MANY HOUSES BURNED: FAMILIES HOMELESS

Widespread Floods Follow Tropical Downpour Over Area of 150 Miles—No Heat Wave Relief.

In London and over a wide area yesterday there was only one topic of conversation—the great storm. Never within living memory has there been thunder, lightning and rain of such violence and duration.

For seven or eight hours the elements ragged with awe-inspiring fury. Scores of houses were struck by lightning; many were destroyed by resulting fires; floods wrought considerable havoc, and cattle were killed, but no lives were lost.

With little interruption, the storm moved north again yesterday afternoon. Lightning wrecked houses at Middlesbrough. In Lincolnshire four cottages were destroyed and fifteen people rendered homeless.

The temperature in London yesterday reached 84 in the shade, and last night there was more thunder.

LIKE AIR RAID DAYS OVER AGAIN IN LONDON.

City of Tired People Who Sat Up All Night.

HOT AS EVER: 84 IN SHADE.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.—Light, indefinite winds; much cloud at times, with local thunderstorms; some mist; very warm.

Unexampled in duration, and of violence never exceeded within living memory, the thunderstorm which swept over the greater part of the country early yesterday raged for seven or eight hours with tropical intensity.

Lightning was practically continuous and so vivid that night seemed almost like day. The thunder broke in great crashes for prolonged periods, and for a great part of the time seemed to develop into one uninterrupted roll. The rainfall was altogether abnormal.

Most people in the suburbs of London sat up all night. The experience was like air raid days over again.

Long before it reached the Metropolis, the mutterings of the storm could be heard approaching from the Surrey hills. It burst with full force about midnight, and lasted practically without cessation until seven o'clock in the morning.

In the south-eastern suburbs the storm had not entirely passed away as late as nine o'clock, occasional claps of thunder being accompanied by a few drops of rain.

WEARY TREK TO WORK.

All London went to work heavy-eyed and listless for want of sleep. Many schools lacked half their pupils, and the majority of the other half who did attend arrived late.

The radius of the storm covered the southern and eastern parts of England and parts of the Midlands. At some places there was a great deal of sheet lightning, but little rain. London and the surrounding countryside were most severely visited, as is proved by the rainfall.

A total of 1.92 inches of rain fell in five and three-quarter hours. This fall was the greatest recorded since September 11, 1921, when just over two inches fell during the day in London.

It is a general experience that there is a distinct drop in temperature after such a storm, but no relief from the heat was afforded yesterday for perspiring Londoners.

Temperature readings during the morning showed an advance on the previous day. The thermometer four degrees in the sun and sixty-seven in the shade at 9 a.m., and eighty-four in the shade and 124 in the sun were the maximums reached.

THE CROPS SAVED.

The heavy downpour was welcomed by farmers. Far from damaging the crops, it has benefited them considerably, and probably saved the harvest.

The telephone service suffered considerably. Six Continental trunk lines were damaged, including four to Paris, one to Amsterdam and one to Rotterdam. Of 700 trunk lines in London 126 were put out of action.

The most severe damage to the telephone service was done in the Kingston and Richmond area, where the storm was very severe. Three thousand subscribers' lines were out of order, the largest number being in the southern part of the London area, where 1,112 were damaged.

Earth Shocks in France.—Violent thunderstorms—with torrential rains and much damage by lightning—have also been the climax of the heat wave in France. Earth shocks were felt yesterday at Biarritz, Bordeaux and Bayonne. In Amsterdam, 90deg. in the shade was registered—the highest temperature since 1887.

ROOFS RIPPED AWAY AND BEDROOMS WRECKED.

Man Stricken Dumb and Two Women Paralysed.

AIR LINERS RACE ELEMENTS.

After the night visitation covering an area of 150 miles—from Spurn Head to Shoeburyness and Nottingham to Eastbourne—the storm moved north again yesterday, but in the evening rain fell in London, and there were more peals of thunder.

A terrific thunderstorm, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, passed over Windsor last evening.

When the storm was at its height the lower chapel of Eton College was struck at the corner of the building, and one of the pinnacles was thrown into the roadway below. One of the music masters, Mr. Albert Melior, had a narrow escape, as he had just left the music school and passed the spot a moment before the heavy pieces of masonry fell.

A portion of the pathway near the Castle Hotel at Windsor was burst by the force of the storm water, and a spout of water rose several feet high into the air.

An Instone air liner from Cologne and a big twin Rolls-Royce Handley Page had an exciting race with a storm which broke over Croydon aerodrome at 7.15, and they just managed to land before the thunder started, with terrific wind and torrential rain.

HARROW BUILDINGS DAMAGED.

Harrow also felt the full force of this second outburst within twelve hours, and lightning damaged a motor works owned by Mr. R. W. Leader, the captain of the fire brigade, and two or three private houses.

The storm burst with renewed severity in the afternoon over Middlesbrough, where forked lightning did considerable damage. In Chester street the roofs and bedrooms of a house were wrecked when the chimney stack crashed through, and another house in Dover street was struck, but the occupants escaped injury.

Lightning struck a power station of the Tees-side railways, and the service was suspended for about three hours, but the damage was repaired and the service resumed in time to convey workmen home.

Mrs. Wall Hunt, of Trafford-street, Scunthorpe, was about to fill a bucket from a water tap when her right hand was paralysed by lightning and the bucket dashed down with such force as to damage a concrete yard. An electric cable on Scunthorpe parish church was struck.

WHITE-HOT STONE.

Although great havoc was wrought overnight, no lives were lost, but ex-Sergeant Adderley, of the Manchester Regiment, was stricken dumb by lightning at Cleethorpes (Lincs) and a young woman was temporarily paralysed at Mitham (Surrey).

While Oliver Hewitt, the caretaker, was unlocking the school gate at Immingham the bunch of keys was struck from his hand and at the same moment a white hot stone the size of a cricket ball hit the wall a few feet away.

It rebounded with a hissing noise into the flooded roadway and was subsequently secured by the vicar for geological examination. A meteoric substance hit a house close to Swanley railway station, and fired a room occupied by two women, who had a narrow escape.

Lightning at Caterham (Surrey) struck a chimney, bored a hole in the roof, forced out the fireplace in a bedroom, and then passed across the road into the garden, where a big hole was torn in the ground.

The residence at Tadworth (Surrey) of Mr. Justice Russell was fired by lightning and destroyed, together with a considerable quantity of the contents.

(Continued on page 13.)



The Bishop of Chelmsford, who has just undergone a successful operation for appendicitis.



Mr. John Masefield, whose new play, 'Molloney Holtspur,' was produced in London yesterday.

SUNDAY GAMES IN PARKS TO CONTINUE.

Big L.C.C. Majority Against Veto Amendment.

LADY EVE'S DEFENCE.

Sunday games in the London parks are to be continued.

This decision was arrived at by the London County Council at last night's meeting, when the recommendation of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee to continue the arrangement for the playing of games on Sunday with such modification as might be made from time to time by the committee, was adopted.

An amendment to withdraw the privilege as from September 30 was defeated on a division by 83 votes to 33.

It was stated that the amount paid in wages for the additional staff necessary in one year was £240, but this expenditure had been more than recovered by the additional receipts.

Lady Trustram Eve, in moving that the present arrangements be continued, said the paucity of the complaints received proved that there was plenty of room in the parks for those who wanted to be quiet and for those who wished to play games.

The religious people were not all on one side. Some of them believed that Sunday should be given entirely to their religion, and some of them believed that religion could be observed and games be played on the Sabbath in addition. The Council had held the balance.

LABOUR ON ROAD CHAOS.

Opposition to London Traffic Control by Ministry—"No Illusions."

The London Labour Party is opposed to control of London traffic by the Ministry of Transport.

While possessing "no illusions about the evils of 'unrestricted competition,'" says a memorandum circulated yesterday, the party has no sympathy with the repeated efforts of the traffic committee to secure a protected monopoly, and denies that it is expedient for a separate specialist traffic authority to be set up.

"Ratepayers," it is declared, "should beware of specialists. Specialists have their uses, but if they are allowed a free hand in all directions they will involve us in administrative and financial disaster."

DOCKERS' STRIKE WANING.

Bermondsey, Liverpool, Grimsby and Immingham Men Resume Work.

There are signs that the dockers' strike against the wages reduction of a shilling a day is collapsing.

Bermondsey, Liverpool, Grimsby and Immingham men have returned to work. Cardiff dockers met yesterday and resolved to resume work, the date to be decided when they have learned what action other ports have taken.

A meeting of dockers at Poplar last night decided to remain on strike. Manchester and Hull dockers passed a similar resolution. Birkenhead men remain out, but Barry strikers will return to work to-day.

About 1,000 pitchers at Smithfield yesterday struck work in sympathy with the dockers. Mr. Bevin, secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union, in a statement last night, said:—

"There is a general tendency on the part of the men to accept the advice of their union, and I am of the opinion that the men realise that they must honour the agreement and allow their grievances to be dealt with in a constitutional manner."

Miners' Wage Debate.—A Miners Federation meeting yesterday, after a three hours' debate, decided to defer the wages question until to-morrow.

BEST SHOT IN THE ARMY.

Sergeant Mapp, Small Arms School, Hythe, with a score of 151, won at Bisley yesterday the King's Medal for the best shot in the Army at home.

NATION OPPOSED TO LETTING GERMANY OFF.

Demand for United Allied Front on Reparations.

CABINET'S POLICY.

Momentous Statement by Premier To-morrow.

By a Special Correspondent.

Those extraordinary people who believe they would be doing a service to world trade and European reconstruction by "letting Germany off" will experience a rude awakening if they endeavour to put their fantastic beliefs into practice.

The nation is opposed to such a quixotic scheme.

The political situation is now sultry, with thunderstorms threatened. Great Britain will not permit the Government to break with France.

Europe would have been getting on its feet nicely by now if the Government of the day had not swallowed its own promises and deserted France when the Republic went into the Ruhr—as Great Britain threatened to do, but omitted to do.

REMEMBER "FRIGHTFULNESS."

The Government must be brought again to realise the grim necessities of France in regard to reparations and the futility of expecting anything from Germany without compulsion or pressure.

Those members of the Cabinet who seem singularly sensitive to Germany's alleged distresses—of the Fatherland's own making, by the way—would do well to remember who made the war and who pursued it with "frightfulness" and "hate" on land, on the sea and in the sky.

France-British relations should be restored to their former intimacy and cordiality, and not sundered and embittered by "individual action" on the part of the British Government.

According to some journals yesterday the Government were undecided as to "individual action." The Government should decide to avoid any such provocative policy.

BRITISH POLICY TO-MORROW.

Details To Be Settled at Cabinet Meeting To-day.

By Our Lobby Correspondent.

It is now practically certain that the Prime Minister will be in a position to make his momentous announcement as to the British attitude towards the latest aspects of the reparations problem in the House of Commons to-morrow afternoon.

The broad outlines have already been laid down. A further meeting of the Cabinet will be held to-day, when the details will be remitted for final adjustment and approval.

Great secrecy is maintained as to the precise nature of the constructive proposal which the Prime Minister will make.

Speaking generally, the speech will be an attempt to set forth the views of the British Government regarding the best means to restore Europe, with advice to Germany to cease her passive resistance.

It was declared last night that the British Government is most anxious to preserve Anglo-French unity and to leave every door open that may lead to co-operation between the two Governments.

Even if Great Britain finally determines to take separate action it was curiously argued that this need not necessarily rupture the Entente!

Lord Curzon received the French Ambassador at the Foreign Office yesterday afternoon.

Dr. Benes, Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, reached London last evening, and was received by Mr. J. D. Monek, representing the Marquis Curzon of London, and the Czechoslovakian Minister in London. Before leaving Paris Dr. Benes saw M. Poincaré.

PARIS CALL TO PREMIER.

Questions on Which France Looks for Clear Information.

Britain's plan will probably be put into the form of a Note to all the Allies, and in the event of agreement a common reply to Germany will be sent. In order that Mr. Baldwin's speech shall fall in with the arrangements, says the Temps, it must contain a positive programme.

There are, however, two unknown factors in the situation, and on those Mr. Baldwin can shed considerable light, viz, what will England demand, and by what means will Germany be asked to pay?

The British Premier does not expect the clear information which France is waiting for his declaration will not be a business-like attempt towards the solution of Europe's troubles. Anglo-Belgian Friendship.—Viscount de Bruges yesterday a delegation from the Town Council of Ramsgate the Burgomaster expressed the hope that their visit would be a new manifestation of Anglo-Belgian friendship.—Reuter.



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HOW TO MAKE DELICIOUS DRINKING CHOCOLATE WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA

For a large cup put into a saucepan a level dessert-spoonful of Cocoa and an equal amount of sugar (or more to taste) with half a cup of water. When **BOILING** add half a cup of cold milk. **BOIL** again for one minute. Whisk, and serve hot.

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

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TRUFOOD, the supreme milk for infants, is the purest a mother can use when she cannot feed baby herself. For Trufood comes from the rich pastures of the famous Cheshire dairy country, and is milk in its most perfect form. It is immeasurably purer than the so-called "new milk," delivered in summer in the big towns, and also far superior to ordinary dried milk preparations. For in Trufood there is no preponderance of putrefactive bacteria which pass into the child's system, there to grow in the intestine, causing summer diarrhoea.

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Trufood is the surest preventive of this dangerous condition. This is no exaggeration, and your doctor will confirm the truth of it. The child fed on Trufood digests its food well even in the hottest and most trying weather, sleeps well, is free from sickness, and shows none of the symptoms of incorrect feeding, such as restlessness, peevishness, sore buttocks, etc.

Special Offer—Two Days' Free Trial

So convinced are we that Trufood is a boon to every mother, that in order to enable you to test it for yourself we offer, entirely free of charge, a large trial tin, sufficient to feed baby for two whole days. This will be sent upon receipt of 6d. in stamps, a nominal charge which merely serves to defray in part the cost of postage and packing. Write to-day to

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PRIZE DAY ABOARD THE FAMOUS TRAINING SHIP ARETHUSA



Rob Roy receiving the silver cup for best all-round boy.



A display of Swedish drill by the lads.

Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey yesterday distributed the prizes aboard the training-ship Arethusa at Greenhithe, Kent.



SINGER'S FUNERAL.—Mourners leaving St. Mary Boltons Church, Kensington, after the funeral service for Mr. Pitt Chatham, the actor and singer. Inset is Miss Lilian Davies, who sang at the start of the service.—Daily Mirror photograph.



A FAMILY GATHERING.—The "uncles" of the wireless world all called at *The Daily Mirror* offices and were shown round by Uncle Dick. The picture includes Uncle Jeff, Uncle Arthur, Uncle Caractus, Uncle Rex and the editor of "Popular Wireless."



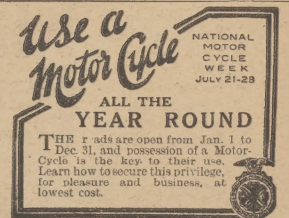
FOR CONTINENTAL SEASON.—Cynthia and Cyril Horrocks, the well-known exhibition dancers of London, will shortly commence a season on the Continent.



The DIANA supercedes harmful burning powders and similar dangerous preparations. Men don't fool themselves with imaginary remedies—why should women?

The DIANA scientifically curved blade ensures sweet smooth action—so simple to use yourself—two minutes once a month—four weeks' freedom from self-consciousness. The DIANA lasts a lifetime—is a lifetime joy.

NOW ONLY 7/9 POST FREE
In silk-lined case complete with blade, sent in plain package. Or from leading chemists. Price 7/6.



RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE IS HEART-RENDING.

IT MAKES PEOPLE OLD BEFORE THEIR TIME.

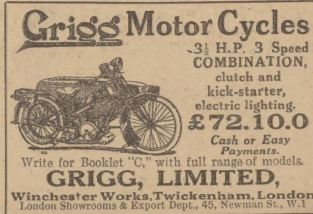
It is almost wonderful how some people get aches and pains, backache and rheumatics, and very often painful joints, and yet go on suffering day after day.

They suffer because they are ignorant of the fact that their complaint is quite curable. All that is needed is a simple remedy to get their blood pure and the kidneys strengthened, but many people will not be advised, they will continue to suffer day after day.

For nearly half a century De Witt's Pills have been healing and curing sick and ailing men and women, in nearly every country in the world. And you will be well advised, if you want to get rid of your pain and get well, to just give De Witt's Pills a trial.

De Witt's Pills will cure these ailments beyond doubt, because they are sold only under the binding guarantee that if you do not get benefit, your money will be returned in full, without question. Such a guarantee dare not be given on a doubtful preparation.

Get a small bottle of De Witt's Pills at once and commence by taking one pill directly you resolve them. Within twelve hours you will notice how they have commenced to cleanse and purify, to soothe and to heal, the kidneys and bladder. And at the same time, all pains of backache and rheumatism disappear. The effect is wonderful. So much so that people will not believe it, unless they see it and prove it for themselves. And you can do this quite easily at very small cost.—(Advt.)



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TO OBTAIN A COPY it is only necessary to secure one of the parchment slips found in every lld. or larger tin of

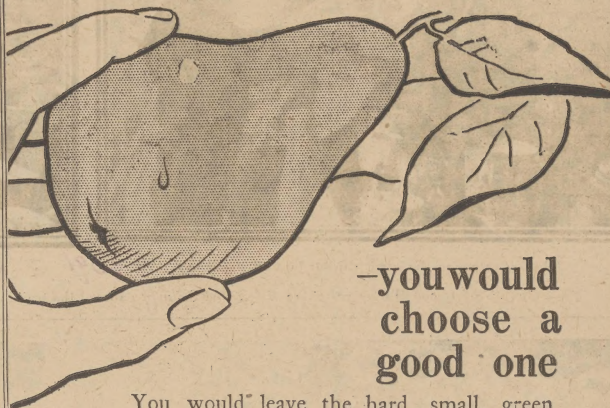
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or the large label from a jar or bottle of Ronuk Furniture Cream and send it with your name and address and a 1½d. stamp to

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**If you picked
a pear—**



**—you would
choose a
good one**

You would leave the hard, small, green fruit, and carefully select a full-sized ripe pear, luscious and mellow.

But when you are buying canned fruit, you cannot see it. How are you to make sure of the quality? Remember that grocers sell many different qualities of canned fruit. If you merely ask for "a can of peaches," or pears or pineapple, you may get one of the inferior grades—hard, half-ripe fruit in thin watery syrup.

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Luscious fruit without blemish, packed straight from the tree in rich cane sugar syrup—pears that remind you of summer in a country orchard—apricots like those from a sun-baked wall—peaches surpassing the finest hothouse fruit—these are what you enjoy when you order "MY LADY" Fruits.

The varieties of "My Lady" are

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Every can of "MY LADY" Fruits is provided with a clean new opener.

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QUITE FREE. 20 "Keep Smiling" real time-keeping Clocks sent every day, one each to the first 20 Ladies stating on a postcard the most nearly correct order of popularity of the eight varieties of "My Lady" Fruits. Your grocer's name and address (and your own) must be stated. Address p.c. to

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None Better.

Send name and address for FREE copy of "Housewife's Book of Hints," to McCall & Co. Ltd., 22, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.4.



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**IMPORTANT
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Every Mother who values the Health and Cleanliness of her Child should use **HARRISON'S POMADE**. One application kills all Nits and Vermin, beautifies and strengthens the Hair. Cures Scurf & Dandruff. Sold by all Chemists, 6d. and 1/- Insist on having

**HARRISON'S
POMADE**

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1923.

GERMAN RESISTANCE.

HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN STOPPED MONTHS AGO.

ONE thing is certain in all the difficulties of the present position in Europe.

It is this—if Britain had joined France in support of her Ruhr policy German resistance would have collapsed months ago.

The inconveniences of which many people complain in the actual deadlock are due very largely to the hesitations and inconsistencies of British policy.

First—at the time of the Peace Conference—we gave our fullest approval to the provisions that were destined to "make Germany pay."

We also offered France military securities which have since been withdrawn. France patiently waited.

Next—two years ago—the British Government, and indeed the leaders of all parties in Parliament, *actually proposed to do what France is now doing*: that is, to apply further penalties to a defaulting enemy.

France and Belgium are applying those penalties alone. Why? Who can say? But, we repeat, the *prolongation of the Ruhr crisis is due to our failure to support France.*

At present we are in the third stage of inconsistency.

The British Government apparently believes that: break with France will help international trade.

There could be no greater illusion. On the contrary, a breach between the Allies of the Great War will undermine our trade and possibly destroy it. What is hampering it is the feeling of insecurity and uncertainty brought about by this totally unnecessary disagreement with France.

If that uncertainty continues the pound sterling may begin to follow the falling currencies of other countries. We have already pointed out how serious that would be for us, especially in regard to our relations as debtor with America.

But indeed the consequences of the breach about which some people talk so lightly would not be only financial.

They would involve all Europe in political confusion. The close friendship of the two great Western democracies is the corner-stone upon which European peace rests. Shall it be destroyed for the sake of our belated sympathisers with Germany? Why if they felt so tenderly about our recent enemy did they offer to support France in her justified action for the common cause? What has happened to make them change their minds so completely?

Let us hope that we may learn to-morrow that the rumours of our "separate action" are false. Only by supporting France can we hope to restore Europe and to defeat the manoeuvres of the mark-manipulating German defaulters.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

IT is said that the great Napoleon attributed much of his success to his faculty for sleeping where and when he liked.

He could sleep in his coach, on the road, even on the battlefield. Perhaps he could have slept in a thunderstorm.

Few people have this precious faculty. Few people slept during the hurricane of Monday night. And so all yesterday Londoners walked about with a wan-eyed look, comparing notes about insomnia; nodding in offices; yawning in the streets.

Something seemed to have gone wrong with everybody's looks and manners. The "sweet barrier between day and day," care-chamber sleep, sor of the sable night—add all the other nice things poets have said about it—had been withdrawn, with ugly results. Let us be thankful that our climate is not habitually tropical. Nobody's temper is worth anything without sleep.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Our Policy Towards France—Cooling Drinks—City Offices in the Heat—A Croquet Revival.

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE?

PERMIT me to thank you most cordially for your excellent article entitled "A Grave Crisis," setting forth simply and clearly why the Entente with France must be preserved. In it you express the opinion of all the best of the country.

In the penultimate paragraph you ask, "Why, by giving France our support, have we not made payment inevitable?" I fear that the answer would contain a most interesting expose of the methods of Anglo-German finance.

If you would endeavour to set before your innumerable readers a concise explanation of these international financial entanglements, which for the last three years have so hampered the advance of England along the path of

OFFICES IN HOT WEATHER.

I WOULD like to point out to "One Who Keeps Cool" that office workers and others have often just cause to complain about the stifling atmosphere of their offices during the hot weather.

For myself, I work in an office which is terribly cramped and small. On one side there are several windows, through which the sun pours in. There are no blinds, and only one window will open properly. The desks adjoin the windows, and there is no possible way of escaping the scorching rays of the sun, which are aggravated to a greater intensity by the uncovered glass.

However willing workers may be to give their best, such conditions do not tend to bring forth

THE NEED FOR COOL PLACES OF REFRESHMENT.

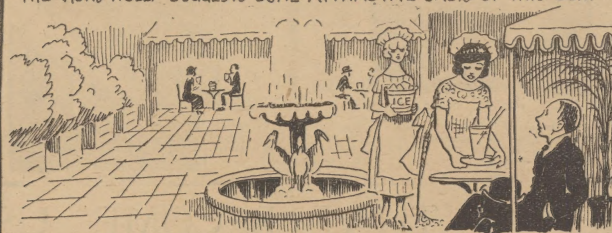
WALKING HOME AFTER THE TURMOIL OF THE DAY—



THE JADED WORKER SEES THE WORD "REFRESHMENTS"



THE WORD ITSELF SUGGESTS SOME ATTRACTIVE OASIS OF THIS SORT—



BUT, OF COURSE, THIS IS THE REALITY!



Why have we so few cafés where drinks can be enjoyed in the open air?

loyalty and honour, you would indeed be doing a great patriotic service, and responding, it seems to me, to a widespread popular desire.
27, Lansdowne-road. HAROLD E. GOOD.
London, W. 11.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

YOUR correspondent, "C.B.S.," suggests placing coaches for merchandise only ahead of the guard's van.

Some years ago, while travelling at Christmas time to Paris, we crashed through the back of an excursion train from Lille.

In the Lille train there were fifteen killed and over fifty injured.

We had over 500 passengers, and sustained only two minor casualties.

This was owing to the fact that in the front part of our train were four or five luggage vans, some of which were, of course, smashed.
Vale-court, Maida Vale. J. E. H.

A BOTTLE OF ALE!

"ONE Who Keeps Cool" suggests that the "best drink during the hot weather is cold tea." "Alcohol makes one feel hotter."

On the other hand, one invariably experiences a feeling of lassitude following an exceptionally hot day, and I find that a stimulant, such as a bottle of stout or a bottle of good ale, has a more invigorating effect than any other drink.
Nor Too Hot.
Garndiffaith, nr. Pontypool, Mon.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No one knows how far his powers go till he has tried.—Goethe.

or improve the energy and thinking powers required and expected of them.

May I, therefore, appeal to employers to exercise a little thought and look into the conditions under which their employees work?

AN OFFICE WORKER.

COOLING CROQUET.

CROQUET is the ideal game for hot days. At a large party during the week-end in a beautiful house standing in its own grounds on the riverside croquet, instead of the usual game of tennis, was played.

It made one feel cool to sit under the trees watching some of the guests playing this old-fashioned game, of which there may be a revival.

It must be admitted that it is not so strenuous as tennis, and so it does not make one feel hot to watch it.
ONE WHO LIKES THE GAME.

SUNDAY GAMES.

OUR would-be tyrants are busy with further attacks on our few remaining liberties. What the Puritans want to do with a Sabbath already dull enough is plain. They are all out for their conventicles or penalise us.

It is noticeable, too, that the early closing zealots, not content with a scheme to make permanent the Act forcing every shopkeeper to shut at a statutory hour, whether he is to that extent deprived of earning his living or not, are joining in the hue and cry against healthy recreation, on the plea that it increases Sunday labour.

If the public don't fight tooth and nail against such petty tyranny they deserve all they stand to get.
CHARLES MARSHALL.
Kanelagh-avenue, Hurlingham.

WHAT THE CABINET MUST TELL THE NATION.

WHY SHOULD GREAT BRITAIN ALONE "LET OFF" GERMANY.

By SIR SIDNEY LOW.

WERE the Government to take that separate action on German reparations at which some Ministers—not the Prime Minister—have vaguely hinted, it would have to satisfy the nation on certain points which remain obscure.

The Man in the Street has been inclined to suspend judgment till he knows exactly how we stand.

He does not want to embarrass Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon, and he hopes they are working steadily to restore that Franco-British co-operation on which the political and economic safety of Europe depends.

Besides, he is a good deal in the dark as to the situation and very much in want of that authoritative exposition of British policy which he has not as yet received.

On one matter in particular he feels that explanation is very badly needed indeed. He would be extremely glad to learn why that which was entirely right and proper two years ago should now be deemed wrong and disastrous.

So far as he can understand the proposal to coerce Germany into paying her debts and honouring her contracts by occupying the Ruhr region was not initiated solely by the French. In the spring of 1921 it was formally adopted by the chief Allied Governments, and it was put forward, and emphatically supported, by Mr. Lloyd George on behalf of Great Britain.

FROM 1921 TO 1923.

In the spring of 1921 the Reparation Commissioners, after consulting financial and expert authorities of the highest standing, assessed Germany's total liability at six thousand, six hundred millions sterling. That figure was accepted by the five principal Allied Powers.

Germany staved off the penalty by a nominal surrender. She consented to admit her liability for this sum of £6,600,000,000, and agreed to hand over bonds to this amount, which she would in due course redeem. She has made no effort to do so; but on the contrary declares that she cannot, and will not, discharge her debt, and she has rendered it as difficult as possible for her creditors to recover anything by turning the mark into waste paper.

She is therefore a defaulter within the meaning of the 1921 Ultimatum. She has incurred the penalty—that is to say, the occupation of the Ruhr—specifically prescribed in that document, and endorsed by the leaders of all parties in Great Britain. Mr. Asquith for the Liberals, and Mr. Clynes for the Labour Party, assured Mr. Lloyd George of their support when he rose in the House of Commons to tell the German people "firmly and distinctly" that if they again evaded their obligations "the Allies must and will take action."

The Germans have evaded their obligations and two of the Allies have "taken action."

France, with the aid of Belgium, is carrying out the common Allied policy. A group of creditors decide that they will "put the brokers in" unless a debtor, against whom they have got judgment, begins to pay up. Why should not two of these creditors enforce their rights under the agreement even if their partners decline to move?



WORK
WON'T
HURT
YOUR
SKIN

if you are a regular user of OATINE, the Face Cream that is made to protect the pretty woman's skin. It contains all that is necessary to tone up tired skin tissues and to restore that soft, smooth bloom that is every girl's birthright. In white jars 1/6 and 3/- every where.

Ask YOUR Chemist to show you the full range of OATINE Toilet Preparations.

Oatine
FACE CREAM

THE OATINE COMPANY, LONDON, S.E.1



Uneven-shaped brims are a feature of the summer small hat with its simple tuft of ribbon or feather.



Large ribbon bows of black taffeta trim a summer hat of white frilled muslin.



This hat manages to look unusual by means of apocryphal flower trimmings and ribbons that cross to the opposite shoulder.

EVE'S POULTRY.

HEALTHFUL MONEY-MAKING HOBBY IN WHICH WOMEN EXCEL.

WOMAN has shown by her aptitude, by her intuition and by her energy and enthusiasm that in poultry-keeping she has found one of the most pleasant and profitable methods of making money.

A few years since women poultry-keepers were few, very few, and women poultry farmers were even less in number. To-day we have in all parts of the country women who have made their mark in the industry.

Some are specialists in egg production, paying attention to commercial or marketing side entirely. Others are noted breeders of pedigree stock, and from their studs the commercial men and women secure their stock cockerels.

Amongst these are Lady Anderson, Mrs. Ward Jackson (wife of the late member for Leominster), Miss Nellie Bell, Miss Nelson, and Mrs. Rawson (who, as secretary of the National Utility Poultry Society, has done much wonderful work).

Then amongst those who have made fame in the exhibition world are the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Countess of Derby, Lady Victoria Murray, Miss M. H. Clay, Mrs. C. S. Wade and Mrs. A. J. Moore (the last-mentioned quartet have made history in Rhode Island Reds).

Duck keeping has come to the front with a rush during the last few years, and in this section the women are amongst the leaders. Miss Harrison Bell is one of the best-known and most successful utility duck breeders in the world. Mrs. M. E. Cooke's Indian Runners have achieved great fame, whilst Miss Esme Gilroy is secretary of the Buff Orpington Duck Club and well known as a breeder of this fascinating variety.

Then in turkeys there are many women who combine the utility with the exhibition side of their work.

For women with a love for live stock, a desire for an open-air life and a capacity for hard work, poultry farming in one or other of its many phases presents great opportunities.

(It is hoped to print frequently articles of practical value to women who desire to take up poultry rearing, etc.)

ROLLED OATS CAKE.

A PLAIN cake which is easily made and very appetising is a rolled oats sandwich.

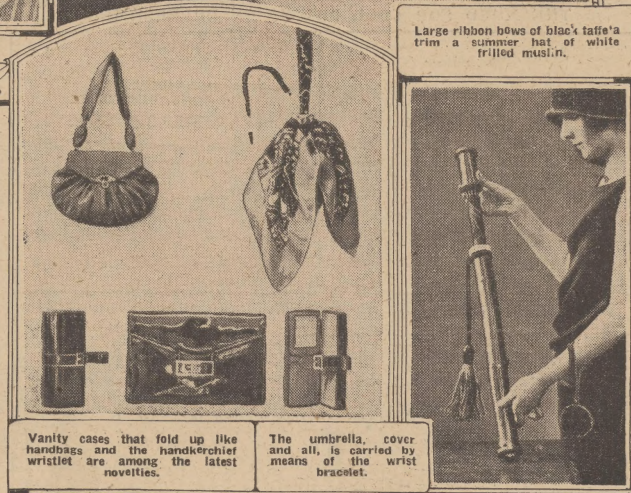
Melt one-quarter of a pound of margarine and two ounces of sugar. Put in a saucepan and dissolve. Stir in a sufficient quantity of rolled oats to absorb the mixture. Grease sandwich tin. Press the mixture out and slowly bake. Cut it into quarters in the tin when it is still hot and let it set. Afterwards take it out carefully from the sandwich tin and add jam if required.

SUPPER SNACK.

AN excellent little supper dish, especially useful for this time of year, is quickly made, as follows:

Take half a pound of sausage meat, two hard-boiled eggs, some mustard and cress, and a little mayonnaise dressing.

Shell the eggs and roll each one in sausage meat until it is a round ball and place in a frying pan of hot fat and fry until crisp and brown. Allow the balls to cool, placing each half egg side upwards, on a nest of mustard and cress, and add dressing to taste.



Vanity cases that fold up like handbags and the handkerchief wristlet are among the latest novelties.

The umbrella, cover and all, is carried by means of the wrist bracelet.

ROOMS THAT BECOME US.

LOOKING AT HOME IN YOUR HOME.

By CHERRY LADY POYNTER.

IT is an astonishing thing that with the vital interest we all take in our homes nowadays, we give so little thought to becomingness. We rush off hot-foot to secure the last new carpet-sweeper, or the chicest thing in powder bowls; we prowl through the shops picking up sumptuous cushions or darling bits of glass, and most of us manage to have rather charming rooms, some of us even attain a certain distinction, and hardly any escapes having something pretty about, but how lamentably few of us manage to have a room in which we look a hundred per cent. better than we do anywhere else!

And really this is the most important thing about a house from the woman's point of view. It is really more important than labour-saving devices, and is equally so in the humble bed-sitting-room type of house or the much more elaborate five sitting-rooms and ever-so-many bedrooms kind. Moreover, it depends less than anything else on money. It costs a great deal to install wash basins and gas stoves and electric light, but it does not cost any more to choose the right shade for background than the wrong one. Frequently it even costs less, for carefully chosen colour-washed walls can be far more becoming than the most costly damask hangings.

A very beautiful woman once said in answer to a remark that her picturesque Italian chairs were very spiky, "Nothing matters but becomingness." And this is very nearly true. It is in her own home that a woman should be at her best, and she can only achieve this if the atmosphere is right.

Her own special room, whether it be work-room, bedroom or boudoir, should be first and last a setting for her own personality—everything in it should be subordinated to that idea.

It is not really difficult of attainment. The same rules that govern good dressing should guide one in the choice of a style for one's own room. Colour and line are about equally important, with perhaps a slight bias in favour of colour, because you can't change your room to suit your mood as easily as you can your dress.

So if you are fair and petite, don't go in for orange walls with purple stripes and jazz effects which will swamp your individuality and make you look washed out. Choose soft grey, mauve or blue walls, with pastel shades for curtains and cushions; a few soft water-colours in pale gold frames, shimmering glass lustres, and, if you can manage it, a parquet floor.

It is not only that you will look at home in this kind of room, but the kind of frocks you ought to wear will look ever so much more gracious and charming than they would in a room of stronger effects. If you happen to be dark and interesting, you may venture on a note or two of vivid orange, on walls of more decided colour, but remember that these take much more living up to than rooms having neutral tints for backgrounds. Curiously enough, dead white or all black is nearly as difficult to handle as the bright oranges or purples, and should only be ventured on by an expert.

Next to colour, space is the most important point in a room. So keep your furniture to the minimum consistent with comfort.



Lady Poynter is "Toucan," of decorating fame.

USE FOR EVERYTHING.

THE spokes of old umbrellas, stripped from the frames, make excellent stakes for plants in the garden—even as old kettles are not to be despised as watering cans—provided the holes worn in them are repaired. The lids of old biscuit tins are useful for this purpose.

BROKEN CELLULOID.

EVERY house has an accumulation of broken celluloid articles. These may all be repaired with acetone. Apply the acetone to the broken edges and they will become soft and gummy. In this state they will adhere to each other if placed together.

WOMAN OF THE WEEK.

YOUNG DUCHESS HOSTESS WHO WILL ENTERTAIN ROYALTY NEXT MONTH.

THE next summer event of social importance will be the Goodwood race meeting—glorious Goodwood, that has a way of living up to its name, and the most exclusive of society's strongholds is Goodwood House, over which the young Duchess of Northumberland presides as hostess. Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, as she was then, was little more than a child when, on the death of her mother, she was installed as hostess at Goodwood House. A very pretty little girl, she was in every way qualified to fill the important position which she holds to-day. Nevertheless, she was very nervous the first time she had to act as hostess to Queen Alexandra. Her royal and kindly guest, perceiving this, put her arms round the girl and whispered, "You are just to treat me as if I were your mother or your aunt, or someone you liked very much. That's all."



Duchess of Northumberland.

The Duchess of Northumberland is a daughter of our most ducal family, her father the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, being a duke four times over. She always acts as hostess to the Goodwood House party when the King and Queen and members of the Royal Family are guests of the Duke of Richmond. The two small boys and two small girls which comprise her family come in for much petting on this occasion, and are to be seen, eager and thrilled little spectators, in the royal box.

STEWING MEAT.

WHEN the hot weather comes it is difficult to keep meat good for long, and it therefore has to be "re-chaffed."

Most people who stew, the principal reason for this being that it is so badly cooked.

The art of stewing is to let it "simmer in a small quantity of liquid," not boil, as this makes cooked meats so tough.

A few ounces of fresh bullocks' kidney, cut small and mixed with the cold meat which is going to be used, is a great improvement to most dishes.

If vegetables of any kind are to be used they should be added later, and allowed to simmer for one hour.

ABOUT DUSTERS.

THESE are comfort in dusters; a clean one should be kept in every room.

They need not be the hideous check ones, so hideous, but very suitable for rough work. Quite pretty ones can be made out of old cretonne covers, the backs of cushions and from summer frocks or overalls.

With these materials to choose from they can be made to match any room.

They are so handy to snatch up for an overturned vase of flowers, or the many little accidents which frequently occur, and should be kept in little fancy bags, conveniently near.

It should be clearly understood that they are to be used solely by the mistress of the house.

PEELING PINES.

THE easiest way to peel a pineapple is to fill a saucepan a little larger than the pineapple with boiling water. Into this plunge the fruit, completely covering it with water. Allow it to remain from three to five minutes. Remove from the water and cut into slices about half an inch thick. Then peel and cut the eyes. It will peel almost as easily as a potato. The water does not injure the flavour or soften the inside.



Miss Vacani and her aristocratic pupils give a dancing matinee at Wyndham's Theatre to-morrow before Princess Mary on behalf of the Great Ormond-street Hospital.



Mr. A. Bromley Davenport, who recently appeared as Mr. Beesle in *The Insect Play*, is here seen as Colonel Grangerston in the new film, "The Starlit Garden."

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

At York House—is Cricket Declining?—The Author of "Alone."

THERE IS STILL time to avoid a break with France which would show our statesmanship to be absurd. The French desire to work with us, but they ask us to concede to them security and reparation for their devastated provinces. There is no reason why this should not be done. To let Germany off as a remedy for unemployment in this country is grotesque. A rupture with France would not help international trade, but go far to strangle it.

The Prince's Party.

Although in no sense a young people's party there were some very pretty girls at York House last night for the dance that followed the Prince of Wales' dinner. Miss Jean Combe was one of these. Her father is Commander Christian Combe, under whom Prince George is undergoing a course of instruction at Portsmouth, and her mother, Lady Jane Combe, has occasionally lent the Princess her house at Hove. Lady Alexandra Curzon was also much admired. Lady Moira Combe, the Countess of Clonmell's young married daughter, was also there, and other young matrons were Lady Stanley and Lady Hillingdon.

Blaze of Colour.

All the Indian potentates now in Europe had been bidden and they made a gorgeous blaze of colour with their ceremonial dress and wonderful jewels. Sir Jagajit Singh, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, and his beautiful Spanish wife were among the best known.

Princess Mary.

Princess Mary thoroughly enjoyed being hostess at York House and looked a very happy girlish figure in a prettily draped white lace frock—some of that given to her when she was married—with a knot of white camellias tucked into a fold on the left hip. She wore ornaments of diamonds and sapphires, and several bracelets.

Viscount Finlay.

Viscount Finlay attains the ripe age of eighty-one to-day. He is the only one of our eminent lawyers who can claim to have graduated in medicine before being called to the Bar. In 1902 he became Lord Rector of the University (Edinburgh) which gave him his medical degree.

Wren Society.

The Wren Society has been formed to track down drawings, reports, accounts and so on of the great architect and issue them annually to subscribers, who will be, I assume, antiquarians, architects and historians. Earl Balfour is president and Lord Milner, Lord Leverhulme and Lord Crawford and Balcarres are among the vice-presidents.

At Gormanston Castle.

There is a fine piece of oak-panelling in the hall at Gormanston Castle, which was carved by the Dowager Viscountess Gormanston, who is just now on a visit there. Lady Butler, the famous painter of "The Roll Call," whose recent autobiography is full of interest, and who is the mother of the present Viscountess, is also staying there.



Lady Gormanston.

Elphinstone are entertaining the Duke and Duchess of York. Lady Elphinstone is the eldest sister of the Duchess, who, as the baby of the Strathmore family, was always a great favourite with her.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

The Storm.

The most extraordinary thing about the great storm was its duration. The rumble of thunder coming from the south east could be heard soon after eleven on Monday night and, in the Kensington district the last big salvo was soon after eight yesterday morning. Many people passed sleepless nights, though I know of children who slept through the climax to the first part of the storm which was enough to wake the dead.

Good for the Complexion!

Many tired London girls going to their offices in the morning carried umbrellas or raincoats, but few used them. They walked through the rain as though the feel of it was refreshing after a sleepless night. And, after all, is not rainwater good for the complexion?

Bishops and the Congress.

Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable in connection with this week's Anglo-Catholic Congress than the changed attitude of the bishops with regard to its promoters. When the first Anglo-Catholic Congress was held in London only one English diocesan—the late Bishop of Salisbury—took any official part in it. This time the Bishop of London is President of the Congress, while the Bishop of Peterborough is one of the many prelates who will walk in next Friday's procession.

In Pink Again.

Joyce Carey, who will embody "The Young Person in Pink" at the Adelphi on Friday, was the original heroine when the play was produced in 1920, though she had made her stage debut four years earlier in "Mr. Wu." She takes her acting seriously, though she is fond of dancing as a recreation, and I saw her this week at Ciro's with Hugh Wakefield, who became a "star" in a night by the artistry of his simulated inebriety in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."



Miss Joyce Carey.

Five Actresses.

Lilian Braithwaite, who is Joyce Carey's mother, is recovered from her illness and will play the part which has previously been played by Lady Tree, Ellis Jefferies, Violet Vanbrugh, and Kate Cutler. I hear that Barrie is coming up to town on Thursday to attend the final rehearsal of "Rosalind," his one-act play, which will be done in conjunction with the "Young Person."

To-day's Party.

To-day's garden party at Hanover Lodge will see some very good tennis among Wimbledon celebrities and others and—on the grass courts—between such excellent society players as Lady Denman, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Crossfield, Sir Matthew Wilson, Earl Beatty, Mr. Roger Wethered, etc. The youngest player will be Miss Betty Nuthall, who is one of England's hopes for the future. She is twelve years old and takes tennis very seriously.

New Norman Douglas Book.

This autumn we shall again have the pleasure of reading a new book by Mr. Norman Douglas, that fine stylist, genial satirist, linguist, archaeologist and naturalist. This book, entitled "Together," is to be a companion volume to "Alone," and it is dedicated to the author's two sons. Among the matter which the new volume contains are certain interesting details concerning the author's birthplace and his early life abroad.

Itinerant Philosopher.

Mr. Douglas, who is a Scotsman and a member of an old Banchory family, originally held an important position in the diplomatic service; but he decided subsequently to give himself up to writing and to wandering in the sunny Southern lands he knows so well. Much of his time is spent in Italy, where you may sometimes run across him in Florence.

Black Marias.

The picture of a Black Maria which has been turned into a caravan reminds me that Black Marias have, before now, been put to strange uses. A Black Maria, flanked by two gendarmes, on the Pont Adolphe, was the only defence which the Luxemburgers opposed to the German invasion in August, 1914; and the invaders simply ordered the gendarmes to wheel it back to the prison yard.

At Lord's.

Asked what she did during the storm, a woman at the Varsity match yesterday said: "I lay awake thinking what a wonderful wicket it would be for Stevens." And it was a wonderful wicket for Stevens, Cambridge having to follow-on with the miserable score of 59. There was not a very large attendance, but the stands filled up fairly well during the afternoon.

Slow Cricket?

Several people I came across at Lord's were discussing the "decline" of cricket, and contrasting Lord's with Wimbledon. But you cannot compare lawn tennis to cricket. Cricket is not slow to those who appreciate the finer points of the game, but so many people consider that there is "nothing in it" unless runs are coming quickly or wickets are falling to every other ball. Still, the old game will hold its own when many "booms" are over.

Dainty Pair.

The motor girl who goes to Lord's is a dainty innovation. She needs no chaperon. In a smart two-seater towards the close of play were a youthful pair—one in peach coloured georgette, the other in powder blue organdie. Each took out a gold box and touched her face a little and then one took the wheel and away! They had not forty years between them. Shade of Mrs. Grundy!

A Cecil Promotion.

The promotion of Mr. John Cecil, son of Lord William Cecil, to the First Secretaryship of the Washington Embassy is well deserved. He has earned high praise on the Continent, in all his junior diplomatic positions, and possesses in a singular degree the administrative ability of the Cecils.

Return of the Sporrán.

Although the Army Council has no intention to restore full dress uniform, in the meantime there is, I understand, some hope that the wearing of the sporran by Highland regiments may be again sanctioned before long.



Lord Daryngton, formerly Mr. Pike Pease, M.P., who has undertaken a scheme of emigration on behalf of the Church Army.



Senorita Odilia Olivarez, sister of Princess Allstadt Villafraña, gives a costume recital at Wigmore Hall this evening.

Back from the Indies.

Yesterday I met Miss Florence Glossop Harris, daughter of the late Sir Augustus Harris, just back from her fourth tour in the West Indies with her own company. Naturally the present heat wave is child's play after the tropics, where they spend hours in the sea. She tells me you don't need to bother waiting for full tides, as in Freshwater Bay (Barbados) there is only a few inches difference daily. Miss Glossop Harris joins Henry Baynton's Shakespearean Company in September to play, Portia, Ophelia, Desdemona, etc.

Fencing.

The Americans are sending a very formidable team to compete in the Anglo-American fencing matches commencing in London on the nineteenth of this month. Mr. Henry Breckinridge, the American captain, was the American Under-Secretary of State for War, but resigned that post when the Lusitania was torpedoed as a protest against America not entering the war.

The Jew and the Taximan.

There is always a new Jew story. This is the latest—told me by a member of the faith. A young Jew tried to make a bargain with a taxi-driver. The driver ultimately agreed to take him to Putney for 12s. 6d. "Vell now," said the Jew, "ve're both sportsmen, I'll toss you double or quits." Again the cabman agreed. The coin was spun. The cabman called heads. The Jew took a look at his own coin. "Hang it," he said, "I shall have to walk home after all." THE RAMBLER.

That fresh, clean, 'Robin' appearance

Robin Starch gives just the amount of stiffness you want to prevent the Bed Linen crumpling. There is nothing harsh or hard about Robin, and it does not stick to the iron.

Robin Starch

for easy ironing

RECKITT & SONS, Ltd., HULL & LONDON

Makers of Reckitt's Blue, etc.

Have you used Robin as a Toilet and Nursery Powder?

DRAMA IN A CITY STREET



Miss Josie O'Reilly, employed at a City bank who was found stabbed in George-yard, Lombard-street. She is in hospital badly wounded, but expected to recover. Inset, Rodney Geary, also wounded, who was taken to hospital and after his wounds had been dressed was detained by the police. Both lived at Highgate, and had been known to each other for some years.



THE WIRELESS PRAM. The latest development of wireless. This little mother has it attached to the "pram," so that she and dolly may listen-in during sunny afternoons in the park.



Constable Ferguson, of Glasgow, who, dashing into a stream of traffic to a runaway horse's bridle, was dragged 20 yards.

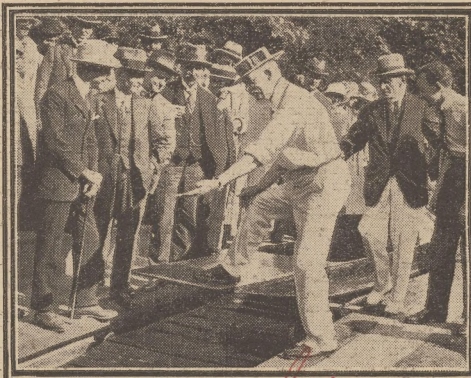


Mr. John Titchener, who has done 50 years' service at Harrow School, has been made member of the Harrow Association.



NEW RUSSIAN TRADE DELEGATE?—M. Rakovsky, who, reports from Moscow state, has been appointed to succeed M. Krassin as head of the Russian Trade Delegation in London.

31 NATIONS LISTEN



Lord Desborough describing the rollers at Boulter's Lock to some of the 238 delegates, representing thirty-one nationalities, to the International Navigation Congress, whom he entertained at Taplow Court.



Miss Gertrude Ederie, the American swimming champion, has, it is reported from New York, swum 100 yards in 1m. 5s.



A BISLEY MARKSWOMAN.—Miss E. M. Fellowes, a well-known markswoman, who is shooting in all the women's competitions at the Bisley meeting. She wears a business-like kit.

TAKING A



Boy bathers in the Regent's Canal friendly tow on the



AWAITING THE KING.—The Duchess of York (right) chatting with the Lord of Edinburgh and the Duke of York (left), with Lady Novar, among t

Y TOW



ian-road, accepting a barges.

LONDON'S SUMMER SNOW



Well wrapped up for his chilly job—which many people envy these summer days—this workman is shovelling snow into the river from a Thames-side cold storage.



TO FILM BLANQUETTE.—Miss Madge Stuart as Blanquette in Mr. Carlyle Blackwell's production of Mr. William J. Locke's novel, "The Beloved Vagabond." Mr. Blackwell plays title role.



Spectator made three attempts to rescue, at Leeds, a boy who, "copying the pictures," jumped into a canal.

THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE



Three merry little sea-mites at Broadstairs scampering out after a glorious bathe. They are never so happy as when they are splashing.



LION OF THE ARGONNE.—General Gouraud (left) the distinguished French commander known as the Lion of the Argonne, received at New York by Mr. Grover Whalen on behalf of the city.



This young adventurer at the outset of his task signals to comrades ahead and advances with a light heart.



Sir Horace Rumbold, British representative at the Lausanne Conference, which has concluded an agreement with the Turks.



Brig. General Ricardo, who, inspecting the water supply of a Tyrone village, fell into a reservoir and was drowned.



g which awaited at Edinburgh the arrival of the King and Queen for Tyrood Palace.

Pears is the best soap under the sun.

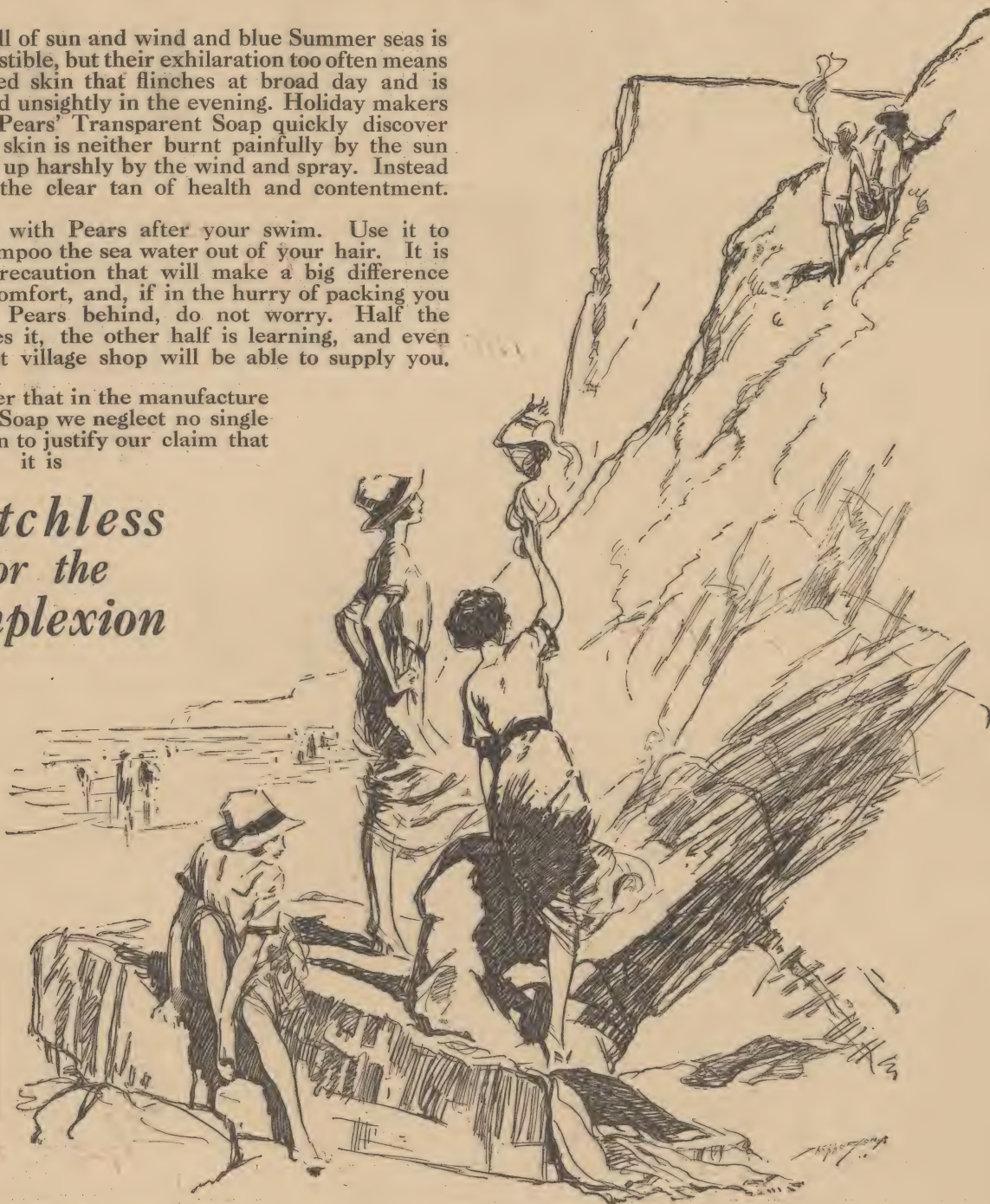
The call of sun and wind and blue Summer seas is irresistible, but their exhilaration too often means an irritated skin that flinches at broad day and is tender and unsightly in the evening. Holiday makers who use Pears' Transparent Soap quickly discover that their skin is neither burnt painfully by the sun nor dried up harshly by the wind and spray. Instead it shows the clear tan of health and contentment.

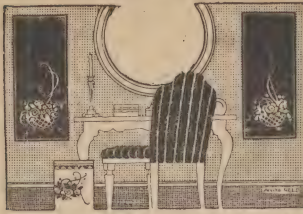
Wash with Pears after your swim. Use it to shampoo the sea water out of your hair. It is a small precaution that will make a big difference to your comfort, and, if in the hurry of packing you left your Pears behind, do not worry. Half the world uses it, the other half is learning, and even the tiniest village shop will be able to supply you.

Remember that in the manufacture of Pears' Soap we neglect no single precaution to justify our claim that it is

*Matchless
for the
Complexion*

Pears'
Golden
Series
for your
complete
toilet.





HOME BEAUTIFUL.

TABLES FOR TRIFLES—THE CHARM OF GLASS.

TODAY'S table decoration:—In grey-blue "country" pottery vases arrange multi-coloured sweet peas and tapering, feathery grasses. To surmount this place pink and pale blue larkspur, in a larger jar of the same pottery.

A small inlaid table, well polished, and oval or round shaped—for nothing but tiny silver and tortoiseshell trifles and small ivory curios—is a favourite idea at the moment in many women's drawing-rooms. All small valuables are kept together thus, and show to better advantage than if they were dotted about the room, where their individual beauty is diminished by contrast with larger ornaments.

The velvet shelves of your china cabinet should be superseded by those of plain glass, which, by reflecting it, enhance the beauty of the china. The interior of the cabinet should be lightly backed with glass also. The effect is excellent.

TRAVELLING TIPS.

THE hot-water-and-soap cleansing that we all hasten to give our faces after a long journey, though excellent as far as it goes, is not sufficient to preserve the complexion from the evil effects of travelling.

An old lady who has travelled extensively in the course of a long life, yet still has a skin like a girl, has always used a cleansing lotion composed of 3 pint elderflower water, 1 oz. simple tincture of benzoin, 1 tablespoonful of Eau de Cologne.

If you are accustomed to a short rest every afternoon, try this instead:

Go into a garden where there are trees—pines, if possible, felling them, poplars or silver birches. Sit down with your back against the tree, resting the hands on the bark.

At the end of an hour you will feel extraordinarily rested and refreshed.

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN.

CARE FOR THE VIOLET BED—WALLFLOWER WANTS.

THIS is a busy season for the lady gardener who wishes to keep her beds and borders bright and fresh-looking.

It is necessary to continually remove faded flowers, weeds and decayed foliage. Seed-pods must not be allowed to form on the sweet peas or their season of bloom will be a short one.

Staking is another important operation; dahlias, holly hocks, hardy chrysanthemums and gladioli are easily damaged by wind and rain unless secured to stakes.

The small violet roots that were set out on a cool shady border last April are now growing rapidly, and will need constant attention during the present hot weather.

Lightly prick over the bed, removing weeds. Pinch back all runners. The foliage should be sprinkled each evening throughout the summer; if this is neglected red spider will attack the plants.

Lawns must be mown at least once a week, and will be much benefited by a good rolling after rain. Trim edges regularly.

Pansies and Brompton Stocks.—If a large

I WONDER why so few Englishwomen seem to realise the joys of motoring abroad. Surely it must be because many of them do not understand how easy it is—and how cheap.

In France, for example, where the exchange value of the £1 varies between, say, 70 and 75 francs, motor touring is less expensive than in Great Britain.

Accommodation in charming French hotels, including dinner and breakfast, costs the equivalent of about 9s. per day, and women who wish to be economical may find in the smaller towns that they need not spend more than 6s. or 7s. a day.

Every wise woman motorist carries a picnic basket, and has luncheon and tea out of doors when on tour. In France picnicking is even simpler than in England, because in even the smallest towns delicious cooked meats, called *charcuterie*, may be bought very cheaply, and these, with, perhaps, some salad, and some dainty French *patisserie*, make delightful luncheons.

The materials cost merely a few pence per head.

Even people who cannot speak a word of the language find no difficulty in France to-day, for since the war practically everybody seems to understand a little English. Most tourists rather enjoy trying to remember the French they

learned at school, and a foreign tour always gives children new interest in languages.

In a small four-seater car, or a two-seater with dickey seat, a family may tour on the Continent and find that their expenses may be lower than if they stayed at first-class hotels or boarding-houses in England.

We do not always realise that the glorious Swiss Alps are nearer than the North of Scotland, if we take London as our centre.

The distance is, roughly, 500 miles—1,000 for the return trip. Most tourists like to travel at least 100 miles a day (say, five hours of actual driving), so a tour across France to the Alps can be made comfortably in less than a fortnight.

Touring is most pleasant when a husband and wife take turns at the steering wheel.

Every woman before going abroad should join one of the great motoring organisations—the Automobile Association, Whitcomb-street, W.C.2, or the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

They make everything easy, and will map out tours if desired.

Think of a motor picnicking tour through France to the snowy Alps this summer.

It will give you something to talk about all through the year. How much better than letting yourself get into a groove where holidays are concerned. P. A. BARRON.



What better for motoring than protective leather?

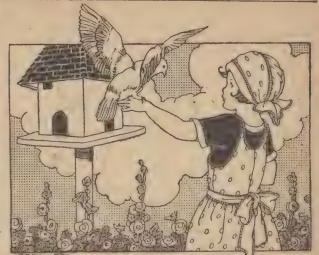
CRINOLINE HATS.

A CRINOLINE hat is charming for summer wear, but once it has been out in the rain we are apt to regard it as only second-best owing to its wilted condition.

But it can be renovated quite easily and made as firm as a new one by ironing the brim, over a damp cloth, with a moderately hot iron. Press each side of the brim, also the inside of the crown, which requires more careful manipulation. Now repeat the process, but this time use a dry cloth instead of a damp one. Allow the hat to dry thoroughly before retrimming.

AN ECONOMY.

RHUBARB is always very cheap, and it is so useful to know that it will absorb the flavour of any kind of fruit it is cooked with. You can therefore add it to more expensive fruit when making tarts and nobody but yourself would be any the wiser.



Garden caps match garden pinnies.

COLLAR AND CUFFS.

THEY GIVE NEW LIFE TO FROCKS AND SUITS WHICH ARE LOOKING SHABBY.

THE shops appear to be full of cuffs and collars of all shapes, sizes and materials. But those that one can make easily at home and possibly give new life to a frock or costume about to be discarded, make the strongest appeal.

For dainty wear, those cuffs and collars, very wide, made of muslin, voile or net, cannot be excelled, particularly for renovating a blouse of which one is getting somewhat tired.

Some of the prettiest, I notice, are made of a long strip of material, about six inches wide, edged with lace or just ordinarily hemmed, and then tucked half-way to the hem, the tucks being about an inch apart.

When the whole strip of material is tucked, cut off the length required for the cuffs and the remainder use for the collar. This can be any length you like, of course, and the tucking halfway will shape it nicely so that it will fit on almost any style blouse with either a V-neck or a round one. Bind the rough edge of cuffs and collar with a little strip of lawn cut on the cross, or a piece of wide tape.

Very smart are the black velvet collars embroidered and buttonholed in white. These are most effective and look well, whether worn on a white blouse or a coat-frock.

They are most useful, too, as they do not need washing and can be made so quickly out of any odd piece of black velvet.



Charming effects can be produced from an old sundial and crazy-paving paths.

COCONUT CAKES.

THEY are always a welcome asset at any table. So here is a trustworthy recipe for these dainties:—

Ingredients: Half a pound of desiccated coconut, and a sixpenny tin of sweetened condensed milk. Mix together well with a fork, and place in baking cups (obtainable at any stationers) and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes—or until the cakes appear light brown.

TASTE IN THE HOME.

SEE that your rooms preserve the attraction of personality—that they denote 'things' owner's tastes and intellect—and sense of things beautiful—scrap all "china dogger" and dust-harboursing souvenir collections—evidences of out-of-date hobbies and let airiness and daintiness, combined with artistic discrimination, impress all who visit you—yet let there be some distinct evidence of the particular bent and personal associations of the dweller therein.

MAYPOLE

FULL CREAM MILK

(Powder)

9^D Per 1/2 lb Cuplet

Milk in its purest form. The best for rearing infants, for invalids and for all household purposes.

Maypole Condensed Milk (Sweetened) Machine-Skimmed: 5d. Tin.	Mayco Margarine is British-made and is mixed with Maypole Butter: 8d. lb.
Maypole Tea: 2/8, 2/6, 2/4, 2/2 lb.	Maypole Margarine Best Pure: 6d. lb.
Maypole Flaked Beef Suet: 5d. 1/2-lb., 2/6 1/2-lb. pkts.	

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A few days' rest from ordinary food, and a change to Benger's works wonders. It gives the neutral digestive rest with complete nourishment.

Sold in tins by all Chemists.

Prices: 1/4, 2/3, 3/4, 8/6

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for their SKIN. No more wrinkles, bulgy eyes, red and red skin, and flabby flesh. A. Vasco, the celebrated London Ladies' Hairdresser, sells quantities to his clients. Recommended even for children with skin eruptions. Sold in antiseptic large tins 3/6 and 5/6 post free by—

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Vulcanite or on Silver, on Gold or on Platinum, at are not in use, and wish to receive FULL CASH, send them (or call) to:—

MR. LEWIS (Desk D.R.), 24, Warwick St., off Regent Street, London, W.1 (close to Cannon & Cleaver's). Also at 29, London St., Southport, for the best price obtainable; also pay good prices for Platinum, Dental Alloy, Old Gold and Silver.

In coupon below and I will send you FREE an Addressed Box for sending teeth.

Mr. E. LEWIS (Desk D.R.),

24, Warwick St., off Regent St., London, W.1. Please send to me an addressed box for sending Old False Teeth that I have for disposal, on the clear understanding that you will return the teeth to me, post paid, if I do not consider your cash offer satisfactory.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Postage paid, if sent in open envelope.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ELPHI—Fri. at 8. Mats. Tu. Th. 2.30. **THE YOUNG**

ELSON in PINK and ROSALIND, by J. M. Barrie.

OWYON—To-day, 2.30, 8.15. W. Th. 2.30. **THE TONS OF**

HONEY. Yvonne Arnaud, Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn.

HAMBRA—(Gerr. 5064.) 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45. Nellie

and Sara Koning, Leslie Stuart, Haines Barber, J. M. Barrie.

BASSADORS—8.45. **THE LILIES OF THE FIELD**.

Reggie Albanesi, Edna Best, Mat. Fri. Sat. 2.30.

OLLO—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M. Barrie.

Every Evening, at 8.15. Mat. Tu. Th. 2.30.

MEDY—Every Evening, at 8.30. **SECRETS**.

By Compton, Leon Quartermaine. Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.30.

INTER—To-night, 8.45. **CHARLES HAWTREY**

SEND FOR DR. O'GRADY. Mats. Tues. Sat. 2.30.

LYS.

8-day, 2.15 and 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.15.

BRICK—(Gerr. 9513.) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. "Partners

Agata. Potash and Perlmutter in the Motor Business.

ONE—Last Week. Every 2. Wed. Fri. 3. "AIDEN"

"WE ALLY" Preceded 8.30 and 9.15. **REVUE**.

LODERS GREEN HIPPODROME—8. Bert Coote in

"ILLIE WE ARE!" Sybil Arundale and London Co.

YMARKET—Every Evening, 8.30. **SUCCESS**.

A New Play by A. A. Milne. Mats. Tu. Th. 2.30.

PODDHOME—2.30 and 8.15. **BRIGHTER LONDON**.

Billy Merson, Lupino Lane, Fred Williams and

MAJESTY—3.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Henry Ainley in

Oliver Cromwell, by John Drinkwater. Last Week.

TRETT—(Regent 2401.) Thurs. 3. **REVUE**.

WYSE—9. Mats. Mon. and Th. 2.45. Red Mat. Prices.

WOOD PAVILION—Every 8.15. Tues. Sat. 2.30. **DOVER**

3.30. S. Lugino O. M. J. P. Mills.

CEUM—7.45. Wed. 2.30. Bransby Williams in "The

Yvonne Mail". Thurs. Sat. 2.30. David Copperfield.

RIC—2.15, 8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.15. **LILAC TIME**.

A Play with Music by Schubert. (Gerr. 5067.)

ERIC HSMITH—2.30, 8.15. **THE BEGGAR** OPERA.

late, Wed. Sat. at 2.30. 1282nd PERFORMANCE.

SKELLYNE'S THEATRE, near Oxford Circus—3 and 8.

Wireless Visualised, Living Pleasure. "Search."

W. (Reg. 4866) **MATHEWSON LANG** in "CARNIVAL".

6-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mondays, Wed. and Thurs. 2.30.

W OXFORD—(Museum 1740.) 8.30. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

LITTLE NELLY KELLY—8.30. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

LACE—Irving Berlin's "MUSIC BOX REVUE".

Highly 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

RYHOUSE.

Highly 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

ANGE-AMERICAN JOKE—"SO THIS IS LONDON".

RENS—BLVDARD'S 8th WIFE. Every 8.30. Thurs.

2.30. 2.30. Mat. Thurs. Thurs. 2.30.

GENT KING—X-Nightly 8.30. **ROBERT L. LEE**.

by John Drinkwater. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

VALTY—(Gerr. 3855.) Every 8.30. AT MRS. BEANS.

James Fiske, Jean Cadell. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

ABOARD H.M.S. SUGAR-BOX.

In the Country.

MY-DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Pip and Squeak's adventure to-day reminds me of my first "ocean voyages"—wonderful journeys made in a similar sort of "boat" and a similar kind of "sea." How glorious they were!—far more thrilling, when I look back, than any real sea journey I have undertaken since.

Not so very long ago I sailed to the West Indies and saw the red coral "growing" on the bottom of the clear blue tropical seas; visited beautiful little islands where the humming birds, like brilliant jewels, darted in and out among the palms. But all these real wonders were easily surpassed by the thrills of sailing down an unknown stream in England on a

"boat" made out of an old sugar-box and a couple of planks.

Of course, I was only about six, and that makes a difference. You see, in addition to the difficulties of navigating such a curious craft—it was usually half under water and threatening to capsize at any moment!—there was the possibility of crocodiles and other dangerous beasts springing at you from the woods on either side of the stream!

Usually these thrilling voyages ended in disaster; my sugar-box boat would crash against some dangerous rocks or spring a leak or—worse still—crash over the edge of a waterfall.

You may wonder how I survived such thrilling adventures. Well, I'll tell you a secret—the "ocean" on which I sailed was rarely more than 6in. deep and only 6ft. or 7ft. wide!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick

DOGS WITH SUNSTROKE!

How to Look After Your Pets During the Hot Weather.

MURIEL WALKER, Luton, is very worried about her dog, Spot. "He is a fox-terrier," she writes, "and I'm afraid he has got sunstroke. He was lying in the garden for several hours one day last week. He was right in the sun, but didn't seem to mind it then. But since last Saturday he has not been at all well. He doesn't seem to want to eat anything or to play. What do you think we ought to do?"

I have never heard of a dog with sunstroke, Muriel, but I daresay it is quite possible that Spot has been affected by the heat, especially if he is an oldish dog. See that he has a good supply of water to drink and a nice cool place to lie in, and I expect he will soon be himself again. If he still seems poorly, however, I should let a vet. see him. It is possible, of course, that the heat has nothing at all to do with his lack of energy. Jack Leeming, Bradford; Sylvia Monkman, Brighton, and two or three others want to know what they can do with their pets when they go away on holiday.

If it is not possible to take your pets away with you, you must find a home for them somewhere. Perhaps some of your friends would like to take care of them while you are away. If not, you might send them to one of the various animals' homes, where they will be well looked after.

Alice Vaughan, Harrow.—If your tortoise is of the European variety he should eat lettuce, as well as almost any greenstuff, dandelions, fruit, rose leaves, etc. He may be a Moor tortoise, however, in which case he has to be fed on meat, cooked or raw, and fish. Try him with everything until you find out what he likes. Glad to hear you are now ten, Alice.

Charlotte Goldwell.—Sorry to hear your dog Prince cuts everything he can get including coal and paper! I am afraid it is impossible to give any advice without having seen him. If I were you I should ask the vet. again, or take him to an animals' hospital.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES.

How many of last week's puzzles did you manage to solve? These are the correct answers:—1. The hidden names were: Ethel, Ella, Fred, Billy, Daisy, Nina. 2. If the grate be empty put coal on (colon); if the grate be (great B) full stop putting coal on. 3. The letter was meant for John, Andover, Hants. Can you see it now? 4. Sleeplessness and Needle. If anyone says, "But there's no 't' in needle," you just reply "Oh, yes, every needle has an 'eye.'"

The
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P.
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C.
Its
Work

YOU SAW in the newspaper that a man forced a face flannel down the throat of his ten months' old baby and then puffed cigarette smoke into its mouth! The man was given six months' imprisonment. The Society sent the baby to the Hospital and will protect it.

Gifts to help such children are an urgent need. Will you send to-day to Robert J. Parr, Esq., O.B.E., Director, Victory House, Leices'er Square, W.C.2.

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The Only Steamer from London Bridge, Leaves Old Swan Pier Daily at 9 a.m. (Fridays excepted) for SOUTHEND, MARGATE and RAMSGATE.

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That Felt, Straw or Velour Hat for cleaning and re-blocking to prevailing shape. New linings and hat bands supplied where necessary. Send to any Pullar Branch or Agent, or post direct to

PULLARS CLEANERS & DYERS

PERTH

1. The pets decided it would be cooling to "sail to Africa" in their boat.

2. A sunshade made a fine sail and Wilfred took a telescope. Pip, of course, was captain.

3. All went well until they approached a waterfall and some rough water.

4. Before Pip could stop the boat it and the "crew" went over the fall.

5. Down, down they dropped, and it was lucky for Wilfred that the water—

6. below was very shallow. Squeak thought they had fallen over the edge of the world.

7. HAVE WE FALLEN OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD? TARNAL GOODNESS THE WATER'S ONLY DEEP ANYWAY!

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Shampoo regularly with Cuticura Soap and keep your scalp clean and healthy. Before shampooing touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment.

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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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with Adjustable Brush.

30/-

Note the Brush Adjuster

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Realising this, women of all times have put themselves to any expense, and have endured considerable pain and discomfort in order to rid themselves of this great disfigurement.

Nowadays electrolysis is a prevalent "cure" for this evil, but in reality this process involves a great deal of unnecessary expense, waste of time and pain.

The simplest, quickest and most effective treatment can easily be carried out by any sufferer in the privacy of her home. This is the recipe:—

Procure about 1oz. powdered phenol from your chemist; mix a sufficient quantity with a few drops of water into a stiff paste. Apply this carefully and thoroughly to the hair you wish to remove, and allow the paste to dry. In a few minutes it can be gently scraped away. The skin is left absolutely free from hair, should then be carefully washed in warm water, and, if desired, lightly dusted with a little talcum powder.

Pileta soap for the complexion. 1s. All chemists.—(Adv.).

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Wm. P. Hartley

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The hotter the sun, the bigger the thirst; and the bigger the thirst the better care you ought to take of it. The sensation of a tumbler of Freeman's Glass Lemon coming up against a fierce, throat-cracking thirst, is one of the pleasantest you can treat yourself to.

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A **N** easy way to buy a fashionable Costume, Coat-trunk, Raincoat, Suit, Boots, Watches, etc., is on Masters credit terms from the monthly, write for illustrations and free patterns.—**Masters, Ltd.**, 34, Home Stores, Rye, Sussex.
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Mrs. A. Foster

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WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE

By
VALENTINE



"Daddy," said Peggy, softly, "are you not feeling well?"

"Of course!" he replied, stoutly. "Didn't I tell you so?"

callous to death risked their lives without a thought. A story with no wealth of detail or trick of language to thrill the two who listened; only the simple, uncultured speech of a little cockney, whose shining eyes and hushed tones told that he would never forget.

And Peggy, listening, understood.

"But it ain't no good, miss," he concluded, with a smile that seemed to light up his whole face.

"Try as I will, I can't catch up with 'im. 'Pon me soul, when 'e came down to see me last week and I persuaded 'im to become a partner 'ere, I thought I was beginnin' to get square. And now I ask yer!" with a sweep of his hand round the shop.

"Look at it! 'Stead of me doin' 'im a favour, as I thought I might 'ave doin', I find meself imposed on again." His face beamed.

"It's me, Jo Robbins, who ain't got no right 'ere. It's 'is place, by rights, not mine. I can't teach 'im nuffink. 'E's got to teach me!"

The sudden arrival of John Smith interrupted the conversation, but both Peggy and her father noticed, while the four of them chatted together, that if Robbins held John Smith in high esteem, the latter held his partner equally highly.

Robbins apparently would have withdrawn, but John Smith would have none of it. If he had said in so many words, "This man is my partner. I have accepted equality with him in business, and I am bound to him by ties of affection and gratitude, so you must accept him, too," he couldn't have made the position plainer. Peggy saw that his only desire was to put the little man at his ease, and again a little thrill of pleasure went through her.

"Peggy and I have got a box at the Palace to-night," said the Doctor as he said good-bye to John Smith at the door. "I wonder if you'd care to join us?"

"I'd simply love to, sir. It's awfully good of you."

"Meet us in the foyer then, just before eight," said the old man, pretending to be in a great hurry in order to avoid the other's thanks.

"Peggy, girl, if you don't come along we shall be late for lunch."

All the way back the old man was in unusually high spirits, cracking jokes with his little daughter and chucking to himself every now and then.

Truth to tell, the old Doctor had formed a deep-laid scheme, and being unable to share it with anyone he was making the most of it himself. He had invited John Smith to the theatre because he guessed Peggy would be pleased, but at the sight of her face when he had made the suggestion he had realised in a moment that she was even more pleased than he could have imagined.

On the top of that had come his great idea. His wife was away for a couple of days; he would plead indisposition at the last moment, when telegrams or phone messages were too late. He would send Peggy down to the theatre alone in a taxi, and she and the boy could have the evening together.

Punctually at seven-thirty that evening Peggy flattered into his study, a dream of loveliness in a little wisp of a black, filmy frock, that made her look absurdly childish. But the expression on her face changed in a moment as she saw her father sitting there, pipe in mouth and book in hand.

"Daddy!" There was real consternation in her voice. "You're not dressed, and it's half-past seven!"

"Sweetheart! Don't look so scared. I'm not feeling quite the thing, so I'm going to put you in a taxi and you and Mr. Smith can share that box together, and—"

"But, daddy, if you're not feeling well I can't leave you, and—"

"Pooh! Rubbish! I shall be all right. How pretty you're looking, darling! Now, just run off and have a jolly good time."

Peggy's eyes narrowed a little. She came slowly across to her father, a little heightened colour in her cheeks, and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Daddy," she said softly, "are you—are you sure you're not feeling well?"

"Of course!" he replied stoutly. "I told you so."

"Are you quite sure—" The colour was deepening in her cheeks, but her eyes were widening—"that—that out of that great big heart of yours—you didn't say to yourself—"

"Look here, young woman," he answered, with pretended sternness, "who gave you the right to cross-examine me?"

"Don't interrupt your little daughter! Are you quite sure you didn't say to yourself, 'Now, perhaps Robbins would prefer it if—'"

If what?

The old doctor was smiling now, for he noticed how she hesitated confusedly.

"You know perfectly well," she said, laughing and blushing, "but, daddy dear, I'd just love you to come and—"

"Well, this time, sweetheart, you'll have to

be a martyr and do without me. Furthermore, I've got some work to do and shall be only too glad to get a troublesome little daughter out of the way."

As he helped her into the taxi she clung to him, for a moment.

"You are a darling!" she cried breathlessly. "I shan't forget it."

THE CLUE.

JOHN SMITH never forgot that evening. To have Peggy in his sole charge, to sit by her in the box, to see her happiness, and to watch the admiring glances that were directed at her was something that he had dreamed about, but never dared to think would happen.

Of the piece he saw but little. He had eyes only for the girl at his side, and he was building dream castles in the air of a future in which she would always be with him.

In the intervals she chatted away gaily to him, asking him questions about his work and listening with real interest as he told her how it had grown and was growing. When he spoke of Robbins she nodded appreciatively.

"You couldn't have done anything else," she said, with a pretty air of decision. "You would have hurt him terribly if you had refused that partnership. His affection for you is so honest, so real, I could see that to-day. Probably you might have chosen differently if you had looked around for a suitable career. But then, as daddy says, if things are shaped for you it must be wrong to fly in the face of them."

"I'm glad you think that, too."

"I like people one can trust, not people who rely on a coat of polish to cover up themselves with."

John Smith, watching her, noticed she suddenly gave a little start, and followed the direction of her eyes he saw Reginald Sturry sitting in the stalls.

"There's Reggie Sturry," announced Peggy. "and a pretty girl with him. You don't like him, do you?"

"I never said so," he said, colouring a little. "I'm not altogether surprised though," she dimpled. "Men don't as a rule. I used to think I liked him rather, but I don't now."

"Why?"

She knit her pretty brows. "He never strikes me as quite genuine."

At that moment the orchestra started again and the curtain rose on the third act, but every now and again John Smith felt his eyes wandering to Sturry, and each time he was vaguely conscious that Sturry's eyes were fixed on Peggy and that there was a curious little smile, not quite a nice smile, playing round the corners of his mouth.

When the curtain finally fell John Smith helped the girl on with her cloak.

"It's been such a lovely evening," he said earnestly. "You don't know how I've enjoyed it."

"Have you?" She raised clear eyes to his. "So have I."

In the lounge they met Sturry and his partner, and though Peggy and John Smith would have avoided them Sturry would not permit it.

"Peggy," he said, "let me introduce my little friend to you. She so wants to meet you."

While the two girls were talking together he drew Smith confidentially to one side.

"I say, old chap," he said, smiling, "do me a good turn and decide a little bet I had with a chap at the club the other night."

"Certainly, if I can," John Smith was a little puzzled.

"The night you came there with me, a pal of mine saw you and said you were the son of Terence Smith, the actor man."

"Well, I'm not," laughed the other.

"I knew you weren't," replied Sturry. "As a matter of fact, I bet him a fiver he was wrong. He's one of those cock-sure chaps who likes to make out he knows everything. He said he was at Harrow with you, that you were thirty-eight, and your birthday was in September."

"Except for the last," smiled John Smith. "Your friend is hopelessly out in his facts. I was born in September, but—"

"Not the thirteenth, by any chance—my day?" queried Sturry interestedly.

"No; but very near it—the fourteenth."

"Really? How curious! But I knew"—his manner was even more ingratiating than ever—"that you weren't thirty-eight. I put you down as about five-and-twenty."

"Add one to it, and you're right."

"Am I?" He shook hands cordially with him. "Wasn't that clever of me? Well, you mustn't keep you any more. Good-bye, old chap! Good-bye, Peggy! Now, Maisie, we must be off."

"What was Reggie talking to you about?" queried Peggy as she and John Smith drove home together. "He seemed amazingly pleased about something."

"Some riddle about a bet he'd had over my age," he said. "A man wanted to make out to him I was nearly forty."

"How absurd!" replied the girl. "Besides, what's it got to do with him, anyway?"

"That's what I felt like asking him," said John Smith. "Anyhow, I assured him I was only twenty-six—and after all, I've no objection to his knowing. It can't do me any harm, can it?"

"Hardly!" replied the girl, smiling.

Another fine instalment to-morrow.

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

JOHN SMITH, a clean-living, wholesome young Englishman, is running a curio shop for a comrade injured in the war, when one day he witnesses an accident through the shop window. An exceedingly pretty young girl is run down by a careless taxi-driver, and John Smith, dashing out, carries her inert form into the shop and sends for a doctor.

She proves to have received no worse hurt than a sprained ankle, and he takes her home, where he is cordially thanked by the girl's kindly father, Dr. Chelsfield. Her name, he learns, is Peggy.

Reginald Sturry, heir to a baronetcy, is a frequent visitor to the Chelsfields, where he is in the warm favour of Mrs. Chelsfield, a snobbish woman, who can conceive no better match for her daughter.

Reggie, proposes to Peggy, but she refuses him. He is displeased and jealous when John Smith visits his house. A remark let fall by Sir Martin Wyvold, the celebrated K.C., suggests that there has been something queer in John Smith's past, and Sturry resolves to look into it.

In the old-world Devon home of John's aunts, Mary and Rebecca Tuson, the reader learns that John is the son of John Farman-Smith, who received seven years' penal servitude for fraud eighteen years ago and disappeared after his release.

John has been kept in complete ignorance of this, and he is at his aunts' house when his father unexpectedly returns. The old ladies persuade John's father to keep his identity a secret, but John takes a great liking to him and gives him employment in his shop. He has now become a partner in the business, which is flourishing.

DR. CHELSFIELD CONSPIRES.

TO Jo Robbins the curio shop now was an unending source of delight, made doubly wonderful to the little man by the knowledge that John Smith was his partner.

Immediately on his return he had set himself to learning the value and history of everything in the place, and under John Smith's tuition his knowledge was already increasing. Every spare minute of the day he would sit poring over books on china and furniture, reading them laboriously and painfully, for Jo Robbins' education had not been thorough. His pride in his position and his admiration for his beloved "Capt'n" were limitless. His ambition now was to be a credit to him.

He got up quickly from his chair one morning, stuffing the book into his pocket as the door opened and a young girl and an elderly man came in. Robbins had never seen a girl like her before. She took his breath away. He had sometimes seen such girls on the covers of magazines, but to see one in his shop! And she seemed to come in quite naturally, too, as if she had been there before.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" asked this lovely little vision.

"No, miss!" he replied, colouring painfully. "The Capt'n's gone out and—"

"Why are you Mr. Robbins?" asked Peggy, her lovely little face lighting up. "I've heard such a lot about you."

For over half an hour Peggy and her father stayed in the curio shop chatting with Jo Robbins. Just at the first the little man was tongue-tied, overawed by the kind friendliness of father and daughter. Peggy saw that the only way to put him at his ease was to bring the conversation round to John Smith.

"You know, Mr. Smith saved my life outside this shop, don't you?" she asked presently.

"E never told me, miss—but then e wouldn't!"

A little thrill went through the girl. There was an affection, a sense of pride in the last few words that spoke of valour.

"Why, Mr. Robbins?"

"He saved mine, miss," was the quiet answer; "but no one's ever 'ard 'im talk about it."

"Won't you tell us about it?" asked Peggy softly.

Robbins was reluctant at first, but at length he haltingly told his tale.

Just one of those little stories with which the Great War abounded—a story repeated a hundred times a day out there, where men grow

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

The Victoria Wine Co. Ltd.
BRANCHES ALL OVER LONDON

OUR BRANCHES ARE YOUR WINE CELLARS

Government-Guaranteed AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY 3/6

per flagon. Supplied to you exactly as the South Australian Government experts desire you to receive it—and to consume it.

To avoid the bother of returning empty flagons, country customers are recommended to buy in the ordinary Burgundy shaped bottle at 52/- per doz. curr. paid.

Head Office: 1220 OSBORN ST., LONDON, E.J.

BATSMEN WASHED OUT AT LORD'S

on the application of the Free State F.A. for membership of the International Federation, was adjourned until the council meets in London next month.

NOTES BEAT LANCERS.

Century by Makepeace—Fine Bowling by Richmond.

NORTHANTS' FIRST WIN.

The leadership of the county championship table remains in the hands of Yorkshire and Norths as the result of yesterday's matches. Lancashire surrendered their unbeaten record to Norths, but not until Harry Makepeace had made a second time for 90. Roy Kilner had 5 wickets for 7 runs, and Waddington's three victims cost 15 runs each. The figure 13 will hardly be regarded with any misgivings for Northants, for they have had to wait until their 13th game before scoring a victory. Yesterday's defeat of Glamorgan was largely as the result of a brilliant effort on the part of Claude Woolley who, going in first, carried his bat for 116, his second century of the season. Left with only 66 runs to get to beat Essex, Kent accomplished their task without loss, Collins and L. P. Hedges getting the runs with ease.

RATNER AND LEWIS.

Possibility of Contest Being Arranged This Morning.

Nothing definite has yet been settled with regard to the Beckett-Carpenter fight arranged for Olympia on July 26. Jimmy Wilde did not arrive back in London until eleven o'clock last night. Augie Ratner and Ted "Kid" Lewis, who, it is rumoured, may meet in a fight of Beckett and Carpenter, will be at Lewis's office at eleven o'clock this morning, and it is likely that something will be fixed up. Jimmy Wilde, the ex-flyweight champion of the world, has returned home from America, and he said he had a wonderful reception in America, and that it was now his intention to settle down in business in South Wales.

SALISBURY RESULTS.

2.0—SALISBURY MAIDEN PLATE. 51—HASTY CAPTAIN (6-4, Archibald), 1m.; PLINTHMAN (100-6), 2; FAYRE (6-4, Archibald), 2; Queen of Castles (11-3), 7; King George (10-1), The Knight I, More Sainly, Red Indian and Aimee (10-1), two; two; (Taber), 7. 1.0—AMATEUR CUP. 2m.; KILVEMORE (2-1, Captain Paterson), 1; NINON (100-8), 2; FANTASTICAL (10-1), 3; Aimee (10-1), 4; Active Led and Captain James (6-1), Manser's Pride (8-1), Sanceret, Man-ches, Margode, Greek Scholar and Manister (6-1), 5; three; one; (Goch), 3. 3.0—WILTSHIRE STAKES. 1m.—KARL (6-5, Carle), 1; Bocka (6-4), 2; Old Red (10-1), 3; Head, three; (Perse), 4. 4.0—WILTON H.C.P. 51—LINBY (5-1, Archibald), 1; PRECIOUS (7-4), 2; PRETTY DICK (8-1), 3; Also ran: Unexpected and Tremor (7-1), Wild Mini (10-1), Scholastic, Our Woman and Beloved (10-1), Two; short head; (Beatty), 3. 5.0—DUNBRIDGE WELTER PLATE. 1m.—DARK FOX (6-4, Major Doyle), 1; BREST (7-1), 2; SAINTE HELENE (8-1), 3; Also ran: Imperial (6-4), Probab, Mont Oriol, Gilded Treasures, six; three-quarters; (Scobie), 4.

NOTTINGHAM.

2.0—Oshkosh (4-1, A. Bolding), 1; Greedy Girl I (8-1), 2; Bessall (10-1), 3; Eleven ran. 3.0—Lemba (6-4, G. Richards), 1; Lily I. (7-4), 2; Belian Boy (8-1), 3; Thirteen ran. 4.0—Bengal (7-4, G. Richards), 1; Blazoner (9-2), 2; Sunny Bill (100-8), 3; Twelve ran. 5.0—Duckies Flat Plate. 1m.—Pulse Note (9-4, R. Jones), 1; Duncan Gray (11-6), 2; Royal Silver (5-1), 3; Four ran. 6.0—Elegant Girl (9-2, Shatwell), 1; Sunny South (6-4), 2; St. Cleo (20-1), 3; Head; three; (Perse), 4. 7.0—Brixton (5-1, Ingham), 1; Hanging Fire (6-1), 2; Maiden's Mirror (100-8), 3; Eight ran.

SPECIAL NEWMARKET WIRE.

1.45—TINDER. 2.45—MAINGAFF. 2.15—LOVABLE.

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL" NAP.

OKSMAGJGHRJW.

TO-DAY'S RACING.

Programme for Second Day of Salisbury Meeting.

2.0—JUVENILE SELLING PLATE. 200 sovs; 5f.	Lamington Perse 9 0
Foreign Legion Whiter 9 0	Cambridge Perse 9 0
Drax Rintoul 8 11	Pride of Kildare Earl 8 11
Montfinghling, Harper 8 11	Variane Rintoul 8 11
Greave and Gay Earl 8 11	Queen Castle Earl 8 11
Vall Farquharson 8 11	Nose Dive I Cottrell 8 11
Above arrived.	
2.30—BIBURY WELTER PLATE. 200 sovs; 1m.	Glengale Woodman 4 11
Dark Fox Scobie 4 11	Wellishier Cottrell 3 11
Pommar MacColl 4 11	Barrow H.A. Brown 5 11
Football A. Sider 4 11	Linnean A. Gordon 5 11
Monnaie Cottrell 2 11	Lry the Fall.....H.C. 10 12
Oran Davidson 4 10	Agios R. P. A. Brown 5 10 11
Repsaid Naxby 4 10	Palmyra Hastings 4 10 7
Ryal Hunsay Cottrell 4 12 1	Dancerg Gunter 10 7
North End W. K. 4 11 2	Nikita Butchers 4 10 7
Dalbany Easterbe 6 11 9	Hartshead Colbeck 3 10 7
Buckley Bonnett 5 11 7	with an added 1m.
2.40—BIBURY CUP. 1m.	Light Dragon Hare 5 8 13
East Tor Taylor 5 8 6	Sprie Orange White 6 7 10
Pass Mint Temple 4 7 6	Puttenden Taylor 4 9 0
3.00—CITY SELLING PLATE. 200 sovs; 7f.	Le Conte's Men's 5 9 2
Charlotte Brames 8 13	Lami E. Pitt 5 9 2
Lyndridge G. Poole 4 8 13	Petty Cury Kemp 8 13
Sprie Orange White 6 7 10	Broken Faith Good 8 8 5
Perry Dancebrance 4 8 13	Arian A. Hunt 8 11
Puttenden Taylor 4 9 0	Passanham Gwilt 8 11
4.00—BIBURY STAKES. 1m.	MT MacFarquhar's 8 8 1
Hamphire Lily C.D. 8 8 8	Amalf Perse 8 8 2
Ballet Taylor 8 8 2	Kilburn Ward 8 8 2
Librarian Harper 7 11	Grey Brave Rutherford 8 8 2
Above arrived.	
Equator Farquharson 8 13	Widowder Davidson 8 8 2
Anchor Perse 8 8 2	Mount Beacon Hastings 8 8 2
Cane Horp C. Marsh 8 8 2	Herperia Perse 8 8 2
King Emperor Marsh 8 8 2	Lord Order Perse 8 8 2
Dursilla Perse 8 8 2	Stein Dhu C. Whitaker 8 8 2
Reggio Bauer 8 8 2	Imagion Pegg 7 11
Hoverswoop Darling 8 8 2	Deeds with Dist. Cuff 7 11
N.W. Horse R. Dawson 7 11	Teheran R. Dawson 7 11
Combe Dick F. Darf 8 8 2	Leckler Perse 7 11
Polin R. Dawson 7 11	Wings of Dove Dundas 7 11
Valhalla R. Dawson 7 11	Tilthousa Perse 7 11
Langwell R. Marsh 8 8 2	West Indian Ward 7 11
4.30—PIMBROKE MAIDEN PLATE. 5 sovs with 100 sovs added; 5f.	
Dinko Earl 5 8 12	Soldat Taylor 5 8 2
Harper Harper 5 8 12	Imagion Pegg 7 11
The Boy Cunliffe 3 7 13	Lackham C. Marsh 8 8 2
Thym Lowe 3 7 13	Uva Fery Perse 8 8 2
Libertate Bard 3 7 13	Trenchard Perse 8 8 2
Above arrived.	
Comet Lonsdale 4 9 0	Monogone R. Sherw 4 8 2
Red Soliel Perse 3 8 12	Yewy Heroes Rutherford 8 8 2
Perse Perse 3 8 12	Tranchard Perse 8 8 2
Ben Sanceret Perse 4 8 11	Light Alliance Taylor 7 13
Spring Myrtle Hare 3 8 9	Go Lightly Taylor 7 13
Wile Neck Fargon 3 8 9	Anitra's Dance Bme 3 7 13

AT PONTAFTER.

3.15—WELSH RIDING PRODUCE PLATE. 1,000 sovs; 5f.	Preccions Ligon 8 8 2
W. West R. Scott 9 9 2	Uva Fery Perse 8 8 2
Philippi Fray 9 9 2	Impet Hastings 8 8 2
Hippolyte I. F. Horgan 8 8 2	Misses Overdone M. 8 8 2
Impet Hastings 8 8 2	Verba B. Jarvis 8 8 2
Seta Dewi Beaumont 8 8 2	Our Mollie Love 8 8 2
Just On Hall 8 8 2	Impet Hastings 8 8 2
Golden Ball Ireland 8 8 2	Lady Herford I. Goring 8 8 2
Microbell I. F. Leader 8 8 2	Princess Suborn Ren 8 8 2
Michael J. Davick 8 8 2	Not Far A. Scott 8 8 2
Helene I. F. Platt 8 8 2	Angel's Wings Rutherford 8 8 2
Helvia Platt 8 8 2	Windover Davidson 8 8 2
Raimet Cunliffe 8 8 2	Quand Mene A. Arm 7 13
King of the Forest 8 8 2	Haymond R. Armstrong 7 13
Sunvera Ireland 8 8 2	Red Beaver Taylor 7 13
Emmett B. Ireland 8 8 2	King of the Forest 7 13
Okwood. R. Armstrong 8 8 2	La Paloma Perse 7 13
Water Baby C. Platt 8 8 2	Unconquered Pegg 7 13
King of the Forest 8 8 2	Hunting Horn J. H. 7 13
Langwell R. Marsh 8 8 2	Grady M. Ireland 7 13
Mulla Prince, Ireland 8 8 2	Tippary Lass Ireland 7 13
Keep It Dark. Renwick 8 8 2	Widben L. R. Sherwood 7 13
Sunny South Lowe 8 8 2	Edin Tor I O'bell 7 13
Eze J. Dawson 8 8 2	

INTERNATIONAL BOWLS.

England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales Meet at Croydon To-day.

The seventeenth meeting of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, in their international bowling matches, commenced at 11 o'clock this morning and continues at 2.30 p.m. and 11 a.m. each day to Friday inclusive on the greens of the Croydon Bowling Club. Scotland has won eleven, England three, and Ireland and Wales one each. This morning's match is between Scotland and Wales, and England and Ireland in the afternoon. In the English county bowls championship, second round, Surrey beat Bedfordshire (holders) by 120 to 117, and Kent defeated Berkshire by 144 to 103.

EVIDENCE IN SONG.

Composer Sets Court Shorthand Writer a Puzzle.

"SEEKING TIT-BITS."

Singing parts of his "evidence" in a deep baritone voice, Mr. Albert William Katelybe, the composer, appeared before Mr. Justice Astbury in the Chancery Division yesterday on behalf of the Columbia Graphophone Company, who are sued by Mr. Frederic Austin. Mr. Austin alleges infringement of his musical copyright in "Poly" in the making of certain records. Mr. Katelybe, who prepared the defendants' version, gave evidence as to the preparation of the score, and from the witness-box gave a musical interpretation of a passage in one of defendants' works, and said he had more or less followed Gay. He had not departed from the melody, whereas Mr. Austin had altered the voice part of the melody. Dealing with another tune, he sang Mr. Austin's rhythmic beat and then his own. Mr. Collins (counsel for defendants): I don't know how the shorthand writer is going to record this. Cross-examined, Mr. Katelybe said he advised the Graphophone Company as to music suitable for recording, and with regard to "Poly" at the Kingsway he reported unfavourably on it in January last. Mr. Luxmore, K.C. (for Mr. Austin): You went with the idea of seeing what were the tit-bits of Mr. Austin's music—No, the tit-bits of Gay's melodies. Witness said he did not agree that Mr. Austin had composed an entirely new work. Counsel: What is the difference between original work and original composition?—Original composition would have much less of Gay in it and much more of Austin in it. I say the whole thing is derived from Gay. It is a new arrangement, and not a new composition.

TO-DAY'S BROADCASTING.

BIRMINGHAM (420 metres).—8.30, orchestral trial; 8.50, women's talk; 9, children's talk; 9.30, Miss Phillips Jordan (mezzo); 9.45, Mr. Leslie Hart (solo piano); 9.55, news; 10, 10.15, Birmingham Concert, St. John Ambulance Brigade, "More Hints on First Aid"; 10.30, Ralamazoo Party; 9.45, Mr. W. Allen (dramatic elocutionist); 10, men's talk; 10.10, Miss Christie Stoddard (soprano); 10.20, news. **MANCHESTER** (385 metres).—3.30, talk for boys and girls; 3.45, concert; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 6.40, orchestra; 7.15, news; 7.30, L. Stanley Jay on "Children and Reading"; 8.15, orchestra; 8.25, James Lang (tenor); 8.35, Robert Pitt and Langton Marks ("Dues-up-to-Date"); 8.45, orchestra; 9, James Lang; 9.5, "Dues-up-to-Date"; 9.50, orchestra; 10.15, Francis J. Stafford, "Conversations"; 10.25, men's talk; 10.35, news. **NEWCASTLE** (400 metres).—3.30, Mr. Cross's trial; 3.50, women's talk; 4, children's talk; 4.15, Mr. H. Phillips; 4.10, military band; 5.30, women's talk; 6, children's talk; 6.30, Mr. Cross's Orchestra; 6.40, Mr. Wm. Hendry (bass); 6.45, orchestra; 6.55, Miss E. M. Stanley (mezzo-soprano); 7.30, news; 8.40, Mr. Lambert Harvey (lyric tenor); 8.45, talk; 8.50, British Revival of the Art Song; Mr. John Wyatt; 9.30, orchestra; 9.40, Mr. Wm. Peacock (basso profundo); 9.45, talk; "Some Traits in English Song"; Mr. Wyatt; 10, Mr. Hendry; 10.15, Miss Stanley; 10.10, orchestra; 10.30, Mr. Peacock; 10.35, Mr. Harvey; 10.30, news; 10.45, men's talk.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By Our City Editor.

Markets were distinctly better in tone today, but as a result of sentiment rather than of improved business. The appearance of the Government budget in the Funds market was regarded favourably, but although this may press a Loan issue, it does not support any theory of a further Bank rate advance. Conversions rose sharply to 77½, Victoria to 89½. The settlement disclosed a bear in Contingents (rate 3 p.c.) and the tobacco leaders, both Imperial and Bata being continued "even," but there is apparently bull account in Eagles, tobacco shares were harder, also the newspaper group, Associated deferred being 84½, Daily Mirror 61.

£1,750 "PROFIT" THAT BECAME A LOSS.

Canteen Inquiry Mystery of Sale of Patties.

WITNESS CENSURED.

Spirited questioning as to whether a sale of meat patties resulted in a profit or a loss to the Canteen Beards took place at the resumed inquiry into the conduct of the canteens yesterday. Major Boyd was further questioned with regard to his previous statement in connection with the disposal of the patties. The chairman, now out that Major Boyd had said that Mr. Blake was dead against cancelling the contract, and witness sold them at a profit of £1,750. Sir Frederick Bantock, the chairman, "we have had Mr. Blake here, and he gives a totally different answer. Mr. Blake says he was only too anxious to get rid of the contract, and that he did his best to do so. The chairman: Now you say you resold them for a profit of £1,750. We have since taken steps to find out what did happen to those patties. They were sold at a loss of £500. Major Boyd: I left the Canteens Board in October, 1920. Last Friday, when I read that some witness had given evidence that these were sold at a loss, that was the first time I knew that my original sale was upset. Sir Frederick Bantock, the chairman, said that the Committee had some letters from Major Boyd which did not "bear that out. "When I asked before," continued Sir Frederick, "you know Mr. Hyde? You said you only knew him in business."

CHAIRMAN'S QUESTION.

Witness replied that he said he knew him as a business man. Sir Frederick: Why did you write this letter to him: "My dear Walter,—It has been very difficult for me to negotiate this matter owing to my friendship with you. How do you reconcile that letter with your statement that he was a business acquaintance? Witness: Why not, sir? I am a stockbroker. I have many acquaintances whom I call Jack, Dick and Tom. The chairman read other letters. One from a Mr. Hyde to witness commenced, "My dear Arthur," and in another occurred that phrase, "It is, of course, understood that my letter to you is a personal one." Major Boyd (interrupting): That is, of course, why it is produced here. The Chairman (heatedly): We are here to get the truth.

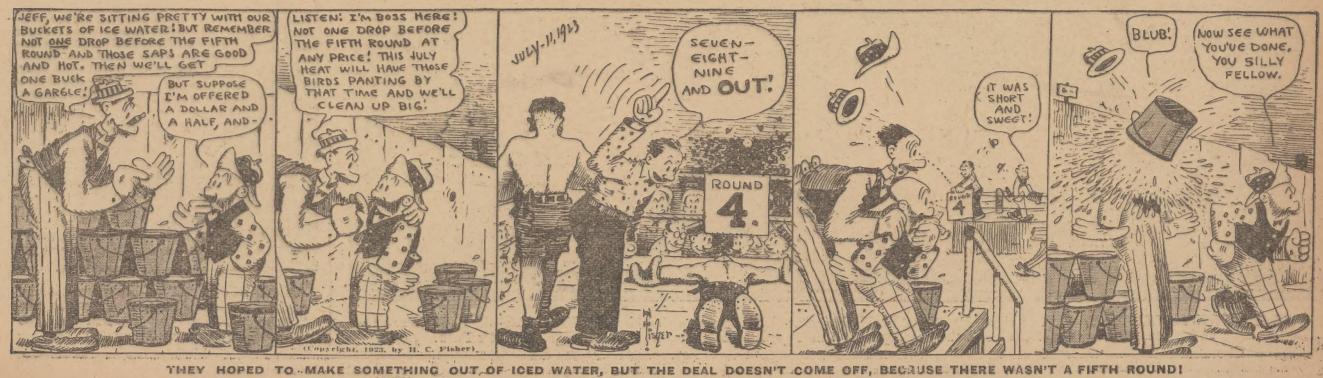
Sir Frederick later commented to witness: "You have no business to come here and make a statement that certain goods were sold at a profit and then come afterwards and say that that is not true and excuse yourself because the sale had broken down after you left. You should have ascertained what had taken place. You let Hyde off his payment of £500 on the ground that the sale had taken place, and it had not taken place. The facts were that instead of the patties being sold at a profit of £1,750 there was a loss."

"WIRELESS" UNCLES.

Visit to "The Daily Mirror"—Pets at Battle To-day.

Four "2 LO" uncles and one aunt paid a visit to this office yesterday to see "How The Daily Mirror comes out." They were Mr. Arthur Burrows (Uncle Arthur), Captain C. A. Lewis (Uncle Caractacus), Mr. Rex Palmer (Uncle Rex), Mr. Stanton Jeffries (Uncle Jeff) and Miss Cecil Dixon (Auntie Sophie). Mr. Webb, of "Popular Wireless," accompanied the party, who were entertained by Uncle Dick. All the "wireless" uncles expressed regret that Pip, Snack and Wilfred were not to be found on the building. The famous pets, who have been spending a short holiday in the country, are visiting Battle, Sussex, to-day, where they are to be the guests of honour at a big girl guides' fête.

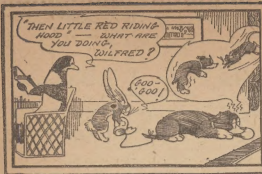
MUTT AND JEFF AT A BIG FIGHT: By BUD FISHER.



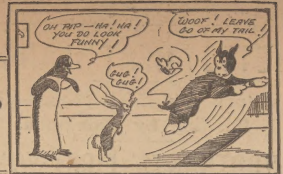
THEY HOPED TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF ICED WATER, BUT THE DEAL DOESN'T COME OFF, BECAUSE THERE WASN'T A FIFTH ROUND!

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

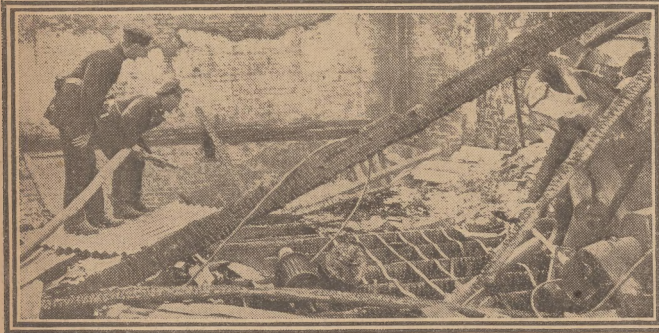


There is no better hot weather tonic than—



—a dose of Pip and Squeak. See page 15.

LONDON FACTORY WRECKED BY LIGHTNING



A black lead factory in South-street, Isleworth, set on fire and partially destroyed by lightning in London's great thunderstorm. The toll of damage caused by the storm is considerable.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

PRIMA DONNA PLAYS A STREET ORGAN



Dame Clara Butt, the world-famous contralto, playing a barrel organ in Regent-street while Mr. George Guinness helps her to collect for the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



A sister of the Fellowship of the Heavenly Way leaving St. Paul's.

ANGLO-CATHOLIC CONGRESS.—At the Anglo-Catholic Congress in London.



A Bishop of the Russian Church in his picturesque robes. The Congress opened yesterday with a service at St. Paul's.



A GRANDSTAND ON WHEELS.—Supporters of the rival crews watching from a specially-equipped observation train the inter-Varsity boat race on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, New York. Washington were the winners.



GREAT LAWN TENNIS DAY.—Left to right, Dr. Vale, W. M. Johnston, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, ex-King Manoel, Lady Wavertree and Prince Christopher of Greece at the charity lawn tennis garden party held at Sussex Lodge, Regent's Park.



IDEAL RIVER FUN.—The chute is one of the most popular attractions at the new bathing station just opened on the Thames at Kingston.